The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

***All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of* The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.**

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Bookman monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines each.*

(2) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best essay in not more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite Author."*

(3) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous, in line or wash) illustrating the title of any book published this year.*

(4) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best three humorous poems in not more than forty lines each.*

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

The Editor, The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square, London, E.C.4,

and must reach the Bookman *office by the first post on September 4th next.*

Results will be announced in The Bookman *for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.*

The October Bookman will be an Autumn Double Number and, in addition to an Illustrated Supplement dealing with the new season's books, will contain special articles on "W. Somerset Maugham," by J. P. Collins; 'What Dramatic Critics Should Know," by W. L. George; "The New Conrad," by Percival Gibbon; "New Novels," by Mrs. Dawson Scott; a Bookman Gallery article on Mary L. Pendered, by S. M. Ellis, etc.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing next month a new and enlarged edition of "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who have Fallen in the War." Some account of fifty-eight poets and

examples of their work are included in the much augmented and definitive edition of this memorial volume, which is illustrated with twenty-six portraits in photogravure. As the edition will be limited, it is advisable that orders for the book should be placed without delay.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing this autumn "Contemporaries of Shakespeare"; a book of essays by Swinburne, some of which have been collected from old periodicals and some from among manuscripts bought by Mr. T. J. Wise from Watts Dunton; and a volume of Selections from Swinburne's Poetry, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Wise.

The story of Antonio Conselheiro, half cowboy, half mystic, the last of the Gnostics, who defied all the Brazilian forces for years until he and his little band were eventually slain, is told by Mr. Cunninghame Graham in "The Life and Miracles of Antonio Conselheiro," which will be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann; who has also in preparation the following new fiction: "Saint's Progress," by John Galsworthy; "Legend," by Clemence Dane; "Temperament," by Dolf Wyllard; "Gold and Iron," by Joseph Hergesheimer; and books of short stories by Richard Dehan and R. E. Vernède.

Photo by Bertram Park. **Miss Rosita Forbes,**

whose entertaining travel book, "Unconducted Wanderers" (John Lane), is reviewed in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

A new volume by Sir Henry Newbolt, which Messrs. Longmans have in the press, is "The Book of the Long Trail," being the stories of some of the most notable British travellers and explorers of the past century.

New novels that Messrs. Allen & Unwin will publish next month are "Shepherd's Warning," by Eric Leadbitter, and "Two Men," a romance of Sussex by Alfred Ollivant.

Two full length dramas and five short plays are included in "Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War," by G. Bernard Shaw, which Messrs. Constable are publishing immediately. The book will have a militant preface in which the author offers an unsparing picture of English society before the war and a "clinical lecture" on the war-fever that later gave the country a temperature.

The wide success and recognition of the vital purpose of Mrs. Leonora Eyles's impressive story of life, especially child-life, among the poor of London, "Margaret Protests," has induced Mr. Erskine Macdonald to offer a prize of £250 for the best novel of contemporary life submitted to him before November 1st.

One hesitates to describe any novel as charming, for the word is getting worn, but there is no other that so adequately describes George Van Schaick's "Sweetapple Cove" (6s. 9d. net; Skeffington). It is the story of a doctor who, not happy in a love affair, goes to settle down and work among the Newfoundland fisher folk and finds, though he is slow to realise it, that romance has come into his life again with the arrival of a wandering American millionaire and his daughter. The charm is not only in the story itself, it is in the sympathetic character studies of the primitive, poverty-stricken fishers and their women and children; of the kindly, tireless little local parson and his beautifully loyal wife; of the American, and especially of his daughter, and of the doctor himself; and it is in the natural pathos, the humour and simple realism with which everything is told. It has its thrilling moments, its times of peril and suspense, yet, even with the doctor's cloudy first and sunny second love affair, it remains a delightfully quiet story—one of the quiet kind that deserve to make a noise in the world and sometimes do.

"Spade Work," a new novel by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Putnams are publishing in September "Commercial Advertising," by Thomas Russell,

who has put into a useful and amusing appendix the subject matter of his recent lectures touching on this subject at the London School of Economics and Political Science.

Although her powerful study of English life and character, "Mary England" (Methuen), which we reviewed last month, is Miss Joan Thompson's first novel, it is not her first book. In 1917, Mr. Elkin Mathews published "Waifs," a collection of the verse she had written in the preceding three or

Photo by Chesney Ltd. **Miss Joan Thompson.**

four years, for the most part while she was in France with the Red Cross Wounded and Missing Enquiry Department. She has written much verse since the appearance of "Waifs," some of which has been published in the *Anglo-French Review*. Miss Thompson has lately completed her second novel, another in a series of character studies she has planned, of which "Mary England" was the first.

"Scarlet Nest," recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, has quickly gone into a second edition which would seem to indicate that not only has a new Welsh novelist arisen, but that Wales has recognised him as the genuine article. The author, "Ellis Lloyd," is Mr. C. E. Lloyd, who has for many years represented the *South Wales Daily News*, the leading Liberal journal of Wales. As a journalist he has had exceptional opportunities of studying the life of which he writes. "Ellis Lloyd" belongs to Wales; he comes of a Welsh

Photo by Carver, Bridgend. **"Ellis Lloyd."**

Nonconformist stock; and that "Scarlet Nest," which avoids realistic caricature on the one hand and idyllic sentiment on the other, is a true presentment of the conditions, atmosphere and characteristics of the Principality is evidenced by the fact that no novel of Welsh life written in English has met with such a prompt and cordial welcome from the Welsh reading public. The general verdict of the critics is well represented by the *Western Mail*, which hails "Scarlet Nest" as "the most serious and successful effort to depict Welsh life and character that we have yet had in the form of a novel.

Photo by Hugh Cecil. **Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith,**
whose new novel, "Tamarisk Town," Messrs. Cassell have just published.

Those who do not know Wales can read with full confidence that they are up against the real thing in these vivid and vigorous pages."

Draycott M. Dell, whose vigorous, picturesque romance of old pirate days, "Carrion Island," Messrs. Jarrolds have published, was educated at the Manchester Grammar School and at the age of sixteen started as a journalist on the *Daily Mail*. In the same year he contributed to *Punch* and since then has written articles, stories and verse for a great variety of periodicals. His first book was a novel based on Ibsen's famous drama, "Ghosts." This was followed by two novels of the French Revolution, "The Veiled Lady" and "The Red Whirlwind," written in collaboration with Miss May Wynne. When the war came, he was rejected by the Army on medical grounds, but put all literary work aside and joined the staff of the War Trade Intelligence Department, from which he resigned in order to become a lecture writer and organiser for the National War Savings Committee. His enterprise in this connection, which included advertising by fire-balloons and searchlights and getting his propaganda circulars scattered down from the air, had the result of adding several millions to the amount invested in War Loans.

Photo by Leeds Mercury. **Mr. Draycott Dell,**

outside the Tank he used while working on the National War Savings Committee.

Ten of Laurence Housman's lectures on social subjects are to be published shortly by Messrs. Headley under the title of "With Ploughshare and Reaping Hook."

Mrs. Coralie Hobson.

"With Other Eyes," a new novel by Norma Lorimer, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Mrs. Coralie Hobson, whose novel, "The Revolt of Youth," was published last month by Mr. Werner Laurie, came to the writing of fiction by way of the concert platform and the stage. She began by studying music, and intended to be a professional pianist, but took an opportunity of joining a theatrical touring company, and for a time acted Shakespearean and other dramas about the provinces. Ill-health led to her giving up the stage, and she has drawn on her theatrical experiences in "The Revolt of Youth," a very able study in feminine psychology and temperament, and a distinctly promising first story. Mrs. Hobson was married a few years ago to the son of Mr. J. A. Hobson, the distinguished author of many well-known books on social and political economy.

A story for younger readers, "Dick," by May Wynne, will be published this month by the Religious Tract Society.

The first volumes of "A History of British Foreign Policy" from 1783 to 1919, edited by Sir A. W. Ward and G. P. Gooch, will be published shortly by the Cambridge Press.

The portrait of Henry Lawson on our cover is a reproduction of the frontispiece in "My Army, O, My Army," by Henry Lawson, published at Sydney by Messrs. Tyrrell.

THE READER.

WILLIAM BABINGTON MAXWELL: NOVELIST.

By Clive Holland.

IT is not always an advantage to have had a famous mother or father, for it lays one open to the perpetual comparison, but so far from suffering any eclipse, in such circumstances, W. B. Maxwell, the son of "M. E. Braddon," has developed his literary inheritance into a rich possession that is peculiarly his own. We have known him for some years, and have watched as a friend and as a fellow writer the development and maturing of his great and distinctive gifts. And when recently we spent a pleasant morning with him at his mother's old home, Lichfield House, Richmond, we talked of many things, and of the future of the modern novel among them.

Photo by Clive Holland. **W. B. Maxwell.**

Born in London in 1866 he was well over military age at the outbreak of war, but he volunteered in September, 1914, and went to France as a subaltern in the famous 10th Royal Fusiliers, which had been raised in the City of London at the special request of Lord Kitchener himself. He served with his battalion until the end of 1916, when he was appointed by General "Reggie" Barnes as his A.D.C., and the remainder of his period of service was spent on the Staff.

Captain Maxwell speaks with enthusiasm of the wonderful days that he saw in France, the heart-stirring and brain-racking days of alternating victory and defeat. But it is doubtful, he told us, whether a real war novel is likely to be written by him. The impressions made upon his observant and sensitive mind seem to have been too stupendous to have produced the concrete sequence of ideas which must go to the fabric of a really great and adequate war novel. He will most certainly not engage upon such a literary adventure unless something worthy of the subject and the men he lived with and learned to admire and love can result. Perhaps, at a greater distance of time from the actuality of war, these impressions that he has received may resolve themselves into a connected sequence of definite ideas and dramatic scenes, and then we shall see!

Among the many subjects upon which our conversation touched was the somewhat remarkable fact that the last four strenuous years, while productive of a considerable number of books of quite notable minor verse, have given us no great war story, of the type of Zola's "Débacle" or Paul and Victor Marguerite's "Disaster," painted on a large canvas and peopled with living characters moving amid stirring scenes. It may be that the few novelists possibly capable of such a work were too busily otherwise employed in "doing their bit," as the phrase has it, or it may be that it required the remoteness of time from actual events to enable even Zola to produce such a work. It is agreed that a great novel in the sense of structure, characterisation and length requires more actual time and labour in production than a poem of perhaps equal merit. Chiefly because a great poem is often the result of a fleeting though vivid emotion, while a great novel is the result of long weeks and even months of mental and physical labour. The poem is often the child of the travail of spirit and of soul, whereas more usually the novel is the child of the travail of the mind.

Readers of Mr. Maxwell's novels will not need to be told that the craftmanship so clearly apparent in their structure has its chief basis in an artistic appreciation of form. This quality may surely be traced to the fact that the novelist commenced life with the intention of becoming an artist: studying Art seriously in the schools for several years before making the discovery that he was unlikely to become a painter of mark. This knowledge at last came and was somewhat of a disappointment and even a shock to his self-esteem; and Mr. Maxwell did not at once rediscover himself as a potential novelist. For a very considerable period, he says, he remained without any definite occupation, hunting a good deal with the New Forest hounds, when living at his mother's beautiful country house, Annesley Bank, near Lyndhurst; travelling on the Continent; and, as he puts it, "comfortably idling, and perhaps learning my future trade or profession, which you will, of novelist the while."

Readers of his novels, however, will agree that these years could not have been wasted, for during them he had many opportunities of studying all sorts and

Photo by Clive Holland. **Lichfield House, from the lawn.**
Mr. W. B. Maxwell's home at Richmond, Surrey.

conditions of men and women; and incidents and events in the social life of the time which, impinging upon various characters, produce different but none the less definite results.

The future novelist received much help and encouragement from his mother, whose gifts as a weaver of plots,

Photo by Clive Holland. **Entrance to Lichfield House.**

and as a writer of interesting and thrilling stories was second to none in an age which had produced a number of great and popular novelists. In speaking of his mother, of her kindliness—of which we ourselves had some happy experiences—of her avid and sustained interest in life, of her intuitive faculties, of her wonderful

Photo by Clive Holland. **Lichfield House.**
A corner of the drawing-room.

gift of studying characters, he said, "Most of the knowledge I possess of how to write, and indeed the fact that I commenced to write at all, I owe to my mother. She was never too busy, or too detached, or too immersed in her own work to spare time to discuss literary ambitions or work of my own. She did not always know the way any work of mine was going, for I wished neither for it to be an imitation of hers, nor in any way to trade upon her own great and world-wide reputation. Indeed, I not infrequently felt that I had set myself a more difficult task than even of becoming an artist, in a sense, to follow her. I remember once the son of a great man saying in my hearing that the fact that he was so situated had in a measure spoiled his life. 'People expect too much,' he remarked pathetically, 'and sometimes they get so little. I might have been quite a success if I had not been overshadowed by my great father.'"

Mr. Maxwell need have no regret that he is the son of one of the great story tellers of the Victorian age. One can trace in his books the strong narrative gift which his mother possessed in so remarkable a degree; the consideration given to plot (which may be also inherited); but, without disparaging her, one may claim for him a closer and more exacting analysis of character in his novels, and a more virile handling of purely psychological, in contradistinction to merely dramatic, situations.

But Mr. Maxwell gives a publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, part of the credit for his ultimate adoption of the novelist's calling. He told us with a smile that had he not chanced to meet "that enterprising and energetic publisher, who was then in the hey-day of his reckless youth, I should probably never seriously have attempted to become a novelist." Mr. Grant Richards, much daring, commissioned him to write forthwith "an arresting and soul-stirring novel of modern life." The result was "The Ragged Messenger," a book that must have delighted the "reader" to whom its fate was possibly confided, even although it had been commissioned. It certainly fulfilled the publisher's conditions. It won instant success. The reviewers were enthusiastic about it, and it was acclaimed a great novel. The fact that it was decidedly modern in its tendency and outlook did not fail to gain recognition; and, as Mr. Maxwell himself says, he "thus fortunately escaped all those struggles and disappointments that are usually incident to, and indeed seem generally inseparable from the early stages of a literary career." In a word, he "arrived" almost before he knew that he had started.

To no one did his success bring greater delight than to his mother, who thus had made manifest the fact that, while she was still writing, a son was carrying on honourably and with rare distinction her own profession. *The Athenæum*, by no means enthusiastic as a rule over new writers of fiction, and ever somewhat sparing in its praise, called this first novel "a powerful and dramatic story, and one having in it qualities by no means common in modern novels of the well-written sort. It has fire, sincerity, enthusiasm, and high-strung emotion—all the elements of drama and popularity."

This book had, it is true, been preceded by two others, the one a collection of social dialogues entitled "The Countess of Maybury: being the Intimate Conversations

of the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Maybury, collected with Sedulous Care and Respectful Admiration by W. B. Maxwell," and the other "Fabulous Fancies," a collection of short stories. Some of the gentle satire that has found its place in other of Mr. Maxwell's writings, is detectable in that first account of a "Society" woman of the upper class. "Vivien" followed in 1905, and sustained if it could not enhance the novelist's reputation. "The Guarded Flame" (1906) is a remarkable story of moral law and its infraction and touches impressively upon the deeper issues of life and death. This very poignant story has enjoyed, since its first appearance, a high place in the affections of Mr. Maxwell's readers. It has with all its subtlety and stern strength of inevitableness, the saving grace of humour, as witness, *inter alia*, the passages of "journalese" describing the illness of Richard Burgoyne at Whitebridge.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **W. B. Maxwell**
served in the war as Captain in the 10th Royal Fusiliers.

Since those earlier books the qualities and tendencies which marked them have been developed and strengthened in later novels. The story is never a trivial one saved by fine workmanship—as is sometimes the case with less "serious" novelists—but generally it deals with a problem of vital interest to thoughtful men and women. In "Cotton Wool" we have such a problem, and the author handles it so relentlessly and unflinchingly that the reader feels, perhaps, too keenly for comfort the poignancy of the whole situation. Some of the more gentle souls, who read a novel merely for amusement, we can readily believe, may even regret having read it. But no one will, we think, forget its problem, or its characters.

Mr. Maxwell is not a prolific writer. His average of production is scarcely a novel a year, even excluding the four years of war from the account. But following "The Guarded Flame" (1906) have come at fairly regular intervals "Odd Lengths," a collection of short stories (1907), "Hill Rise" (1908), "Seymour Charlton" (1909), "The Rest Cure" (1910), "Mrs. Thompson," that gently satirical study of a middle-class, capable woman (1911), "In Cotton Wool" and "General Mallock's Shadow" (1912), and "The Devil's Garden" (1913).

The last named book aroused a storm of criticism, in the first instance instigated by the action of a circulating library which banned the story. The world of novel readers was divided sharply and even acrimoniously in its opinion. But the readers and the critics who count saw its purposes, and its masterly handling of a vital theme, which might in less able hands have been "boggled," and become merely nauseating. *The Times* in a lengthy review said very clearly and admirably that "in these days of scamped art and hectic sentimentality it is good to come across so strong, so carefully wrought, so artistically complete a story as that Mr. W. B. Maxwell offers us in his latest novel."

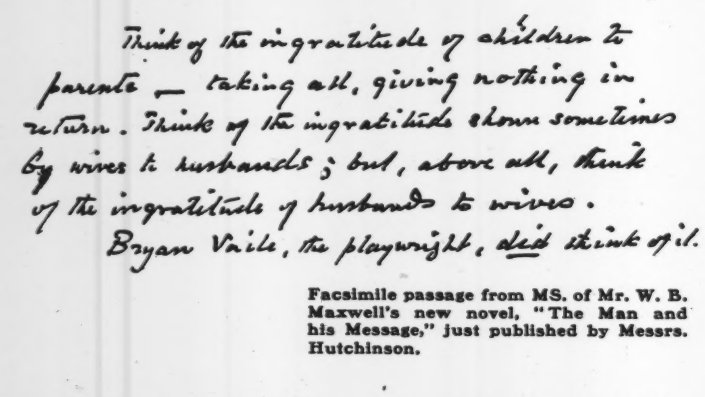
This study of a self-made man during the critical years of his life is relentlessly carried through, and nothing is shirked in the complete picture the author gives of the surroundings of the principal figures. Indeed, the background has far more to do than most backgrounds with the crux of the story. It is not perhaps a book for babes, but this because one doesn't encourage a child to run before it can walk. Before the publication of "The Devil's Garden" the author had a wide following of readers; but, as was the case with the like controversy arising on the publication of Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the attention of many additional readers was focussed upon that book, which still remains the author's strongest and most impressive work.

During the war Captain Maxwell published no new novel. But "The Mirror and the Lamp" (1919) has been quickly followed by a book of short stories, "The Great Interruption," marked by careful workmanship, humour and dramatic effect. And, at the time we write, a new long novel, "The Man and His Lesson," is promised for early issue.

Of his "The Mirror and the Lamp" it is not

Photo by Clive Holland. **The old stable buildings**
on the upper floor of which is the novelist's study, "a den of quietude and peace."

too much to say that in it he has reached a point of artistry and of craftmanship which places him not only inalienably among the writers that count, but also gives him a secure position among the great novelists of his age. This study of a character at one and the same time a rationalist and of a truly religious temperament, is masterly, and the wide interests of the minor characters, drawn with the novelist's invariable care and precision, make this a really great and enduring book.


Think of the ingratitude of children to parents — taking all, giving nothing in return. Think of the ingratitude shown sometimes by wives to husbands; but, above all, think of the ingratitude of husbands to wives.
Bryan Vaile, the playwright, died think of it.

Facsimile passage from MS. of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new novel, "The Man and his Message," just published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Novel readers of discrimination look expectantly for each new story from Mr. Maxwell's pen. They will not, we think, be disappointed in "The Man and His Lesson" or the one that is to follow it. At the present time he is engaged upon a novel which has for its theme a most vitally interesting problem of modern life both for men and women. One may even hope, bearing in mind the wide circulation it is sure to enjoy, that it may assist in the solution of that problem which has for a generation or more engaged public attention, and has been made more insistent by war and post-war conditions.

In discussing with him the novel of the immediate future one came inevitably to the conclusion, shared by him, that it is likely in its main characteristics to resemble the novel of the immediate past. "But it is surely likely," said Mr. Maxwell, "that the tremendous influence of the war upon current thought must gradually become apparent in fiction as in everything else. The terrible realities of recent times must have destroyed or rendered useless much of the novelists' old stock-in-trade. Day after day the newspaper has surpassed the novel in excitement. The sensational events of ordinary life have lost the power of evoking sensation. To put it brutally, who is now disturbed by the thought of a dead body, the sight of a stain of blood, or the description of a sudden loss of fortune?"

There remains immutable the love story—the great interest that even world-chaos cannot destroy or reduce to insignificance—the old, old story of men and women that can always be made fresh and new.

Regarding writers who have taken actual part in the war, and those others who have been brought more or less into direct contact with it, Mr. Maxwell is of the opinion that "these must inevitably show a tendency towards romanticism in their future work. They have had such an intolerable dose of realism and dull routine that they will probably seek for beauty and glamour at all costs. Or having learned the lesson of essentials and made vows that they will never again trouble about trifles, they may attempt a great simplification of literary style, caring now only for what they have to say and not at all for the manner in which they say it."

Speaking of the future public for novelists, Mr. Maxwell made a point of the many hundreds of thousands of new novel readers the war has produced. He said in this connection, "Among the new armies a cheap reprint, if not a field-marshal's baton, could be found in each man's haversack. Out in France the men read at every opportunity—in the trenches, in billets, and at all the Y.M.C.A. huts. And apparently they were stout fellows as readers, just as they were as soldiers: with omnivorous appetites, ready for anything, from Walter Scott to the *Daffodil Series*."

It is interesting to find that Mr. Maxwell's opinion regarding the favourite authors out there, at least in one particular, coincides with what we have found to be that of several authorities. He says, "Of contemporary writers, I think I am right in saying that Mr. Nat Gould was easily first favourite: and, indeed, he might justly feel pride and satisfaction if he could ever count the hours of dullness he wiled away in support trenches, and the hours of pain that he rendered less trying and irksome in field ambulances and hospital wards."

Although Mr. Maxwell is sufficiently in touch with publishing matters to know the difficulties of production, paper shortage, and other details which are holding up enterprise in the production of books, as in that of many other desirable things, he is no pessimist. He believes that there is a good time coming for the author who has a fresh story to tell and tells it straightforwardly and honestly; and even for the old stories if they are carefully redressed by skilful hands, or rather pens, and if genius, or something approaching it, breathes into the dry bones the breath of actuality and life.

London will always have a lure for Mr. Maxwell, but nowadays his time is spent fairly equally between the centre of things and the temporary home he has found for himself, his wife, who is a charming hostess, and his two children, a boy and a girl, in Devonshire.

HENRI FABRE.

BY C. S. EVANS.

HENRI FABRE was born in 1823 at Saint Léons in the Haut Rouverque, the son of a *practicien, homme d'affaires ou de chicane* (so the father described himself in the boy's birth certificate), who afterwards turned innkeeper at Rodez and Toulouse. The family seems to have been poor, for Henri had to pay for his schooling by serving Mass on Sundays in the chapel at Rodez, but by one shift and another he was kept

at school until he was seventeen; then came an unusual run of bad luck as a result of which he was forced to give up the ideas he had cherished of entering the medical profession, and go out into the world to earn a living.

"We see him set out along the wide white roads," says Dr. Legros, his biographer, "lost, almost a wanderer, seeking his living by the sweat of his brow; one day selling lemons at the fair of Beaucaire, under the arcades of the market or before the barracks of the Pré; another day enlisting in a gang of labourers who were working on the line from Beaucaire to Nimes, which was then in process of construction. He knew gloomy days, lonely and despairing. . . ."

Henri Fabre.

By permission of Messrs. Delagrave, Paris.

Then he entered for a bursary at the Normal School at Avignon, a training college for teachers, obtained the highest place, and two years later his superior certificate. At the age of nineteen, he began a scholastic career, which was to last for more than fifty years, by taking an assistant mastership at the college of Carpentras, on a salary of £28 a year.

During the whole of his long life the shadow of a grinding and sordid poverty never left Fabre's door. The possessor of academic qualifications above the average, a brilliant teacher, and a man of unusual scientific knowledge and attainment, he was forced to struggle along during the best years of his life on a pittance that was hardly enough to keep body and soul together. At one time, indeed, it seemed as though preferment might come his way, for Victor Duruy, the enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, sent for him to Paris and presented him to the Emperor Napoleon III., probably with the idea of securing his appointment as tutor to the Emperor's son. But this awkward provincial schoolmaster, in his rusty broadcloth and old-fashioned top-hat, with his brusque speech and dreamy eyes, apparently impressed the Emperor very little, and Fabre retired to Avignon, with the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur in his button-hole, and a profound sense of relief. After twenty years of school teaching, during which his salary never exceeded £100 a year, he gave up the struggle, broke with the University of Avignon, and began to write school textbooks to make the pot boil. On those textbooks, as on every other piece of work he touched, he set the seal of his amazingly fertile and vigorous mind. They were models of clearness and simplicity, and they have affected the education of generations of Frenchmen.

"It is wonderful," says Mr. Legros, "to watch the mastery with which he conducts his demonstrations, the simplest as well as the most involved, singling out the essential, little by little evoking the sense of things, ingeniously seeking familiar examples, finding comparisons, and employing picturesque and striking images, which throw a dazzling light upon the obscurest question, or the most difficult problem."

It was this genius for demonstration, this vigorous simplicity, which he was afterwards to bring to bear upon the revelation of insect-life.

From his early childhood Fabre had "delighted in beetles, bees and butterflies. As far back as I can remember," he says, "I see myself in ecstasy before the splendour of a ground-beetle's wing-cases or the wings of the swallow-tail." The spark that fired the train of his enthusiasm was an essay by Leon Dufour on the habits of a wasp that hunted Buprestis beetles. Dufour's investigations showed that this wasp, a Cerceris, always enclosed with its egg, which it laid in a burrow in the earth, the body of a Buprestis, and the queer thing was that when these beetles were dug up, after weeks of entombment, they were as fresh as though they had just been killed. Dufour attributed this to a preservative or antiseptic fluid injected into the body of the victim by the wasp's sting.

Fabre's curiosity was aroused, and he proceeded to investigate the matter for himself. He had to be content with another species of wasp which fed its young exclusively upon weevils. The problems to be solved were two: First, why did the wasp ignore all other game except this weevil? and, secondly, how was it that the insects disinterred from the burrows, although apparently dead, showed not the slightest sign of decay?

By dint of long and patient observation and a series of brilliant experiments, Fabre found the answer to both these questions, and disclosed a phenomenon that seemed almost miraculous. The weevils were not dead, but paralysed to a condition of immobility by the wasp's skilful surgery. She herself was a honey-eater, but she knew (or rather she acted as if she knew) that the young grubs whom she would never see were carnivorous, and that they abhorred meat which showed the slightest trace of decay. Gamy flavours would not suit the palates of these epicures. They would die of starvation rather than touch such a meal. She had therefore to provide them with meat which would remain fresh for two or three weeks—live meat, in short, which would keep still while the grub devoured it, and be incapable of retaliation, even when the hungry creature gnawed into its very vitals.

The paralysis of the weevil was produced by a single stroke of the wasp's sting, skilfully directed through the joint of the insect's armour to the centre of the nervous

ganglion controlling the organs of movement. The reason why the weevil was chosen by this particular species of wasp for its prey was that in the weevil this ganglion was contracted into a single knot. The Cerceris hunted the Buprestis beetle for the same reason.

But what would happen if the insect upon which the wasp preyed was constructed on a different plan? Suppose the organ of movement were controlled not by one, but by several ganglia. Would the wasp still strike with scientific precision, as though she had an accurate knowledge of the creature's anatomy?

The answer to this question was supplied by a study of another species of wasp, the Sphex, which hunts crickets. In the cricket, the ganglia controlling movement are separated into three knots some distance apart. If only one of these ganglia were destroyed, the insect would still be able to writhe its body and move its spurred legs, which would make short work of the feeble grub. To paralyse it effectively, there must be a dagger-stroke directed precisely to the centre of each of the ganglia; and this is exactly what the wasp does. A greater wonder still: the cricket thus paralysed could still champ its mandibles, and when it was being dragged to the burrow it often laid hold of pieces of grass, thus retarding progress. The wasp had a remedy for this too. With profound emotion, Fabre saw her stoop over her prostrate prey, force open the joint of the neck, and exert pressure upon the brain of the insect until complete insensibility occurred. The slightest pressure too much would have killed the cricket—instead of a fresh and juicy morsel the grubs would have been confronted with a putrefying corpse. But the wasp made no mistake. Her object was not to kill, but merely to produce insensibility for a time, and this she did with an apparent knowledge of anatomy that would not have disgraced the most skilled human operator.

Even more wonderful still is the procedure of another wasp called the Ammophila, which feeds her grubs upon big grey caterpillars. Fabre saw her find her prey, going unerringly to the very spot of ground beneath which the worm lay quiet, and when she had caught it, he saw her plunge her sting quietly and methodically into the nine chief ganglia of its body.

The story of the lives of these insect surgeons is to be found in "The Hunting Wasps," and the one or two examples I have chosen by no means exhaust the marvels to be found in that volume. The observations upon which they are based sometimes extended over long periods of time. The man who would study the habits of insects must be possessed of more than an average share of patience; for he is dependent to a great extent upon accidental circumstances. It was not until twenty years after his first observation of the Sphex that Fabre was able to verify the assumption that it stung its prey in the three significant ganglia.

Here is another wonder, told in the words of Dr. Legros:

"Certain miserable black mites, living specks, the larvæ of a beetle, the Sitaris, are parasites of the solitary bee, the Anthophora. They wait patiently all the winter at the entrance of her tunnel, on the slope of a sunny bank, for the spring-time emergence of the young bees, as yet imprisoned in their cells of clay. A male Anthophora hatched a little earlier than the females, appears at the entrance of the tunnel; these mites which are armed with robust talons, rouse themselves, hasten to and fro, hook themselves to his fleece, and accompany him in all peregrinations. But they quickly recognise their error; for these animated specks are well aware that the males, occupied all day long in scouring the country and pillaging the flowers, live exclusively out of doors, and would in no wise serve their end.

"But the moment comes when the Anthophora pays court to the fair sex, and the imperceptible creature immediately profits by the amorous encounter to change its winged courser. . . . Grappled now to the female bee, the grub of the Sitaris allows itself to be carried to the end of the gallery in which she is now contriving her cradle, watches the precise moment when the egg is laid, instals itself upon it, and allows itself to fall therewith upon the surface of the honey, in order to substitute itself for the future offspring of the Anthophora, and possess itself of house and victuals."

Fabre's researches cover almost the whole field of insect life, and everywhere he finds evidence of the same marvellous foreknowledge of a faculty which works with a surety and precision to which intelligence cannot compare. The Eumenes wasp builds clay houses for its young, and walls up with the egg a writhing mass of caterpillars, not paralysed to immobility, for she lacks the surgical skill of the Sphex. To make up for this defect, she attaches her egg by a slender thread of silk to the dome of the dwelling, well out of reach of the squirming mass below. When the grub is hatched out, it hangs head downwards from the thread and takes a nibble here and there. If its bite causes commotion, it retreats out of the way of the lashing coils and champing mandibles by retiring into the egg-case from which it has emerged, and which is shaped like a tube for that very purpose.

But instinct has its limitations, as Fabre has proved by many beautiful experiments. The Bembex wasp, which makes its burrow in sand dunes, can return, by some unexplained faculty, to the very place of its nest on one dune among a hundred similar dunes, even though no trace of the position of it is apparent to the eye. More, when Fabre covered over the front of the dune with moss impregnated with various strong-smelling substances, the wasp still came back unerringly and alighted on the exact spot beneath which the entrance of her burrow lay. When, however, Fabre removed the sand from the entrance, so as to expose the burrow in all its length, with the helpless larva, in full view, wriggling in the cell at the end, the mother-wasp was checked. There lay her infant, the inspiration of all her labours, but she took no notice of him and continued to dig at the burrow-mouth. One step in the train of ordered circumstance had failed, and instinct was no longer competent to deal with the situation.

From the scientific point of view perhaps the most valuable aspect of Fabre's work is the light which it has thrown on the nature of instinct. Those beautifully co-ordinated, wonderfully imagined experiments of his, planned to make the insect itself answer the questions of the investigation, have established the fact that instinct, whatever else it may be, is certainly neither undeveloped intelligence nor a kind of crystallised habit. Instinct is a function of mind absolutely different from intelligence and sometimes working side by side with it, although as a general rule, where instinct is highly developed intelligence is rudimentary. Instinct and

intelligence are two widely differing methods by which mind controls matter for the purposes of life. It was principally upon the researches of Fabre that Henri Bergson based the arguments of that wonderful second chapter of "Creative Evolution." It is, indeed, not too much to say that the work of this obscure provincial entomologist has inspired a new philosophy of life.

But for the general reader, the interest of Fabre's work lies chiefly in the unsuspected wonders of nature which it discloses, and the charm and variety with which these wonders are described. A book of Fabre's opens up a new world—a world of enchantment more fascinating than the Arabian Nights. He will have nothing to do with the dry-as-dust classification and hard scientific description of conventional entomology. For him the insect ceases to be interesting when it is dead, and he leaves to others the task of describing exactly how many joints there are in its antennæ. Fabre was not the first naturalist to describe the living insect; he followed in the train of Reamur and Huber in this, but he was the first to carry this method of entomological research to perfection and to apply to it a genius for observation which is unique.

The results of Fabre's work are contained in ten volumes entitled "Souvenirs Entomologiques." These cover his researches during the years 1855–1915, and they are being translated into English by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, who has already published eight volumes with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. "The Life and Love of the Insect," "Social Life in the Insect World," "The Wonders of Instinct," and the definitive "Life of Fabre" by Dr. Legros, are issued by Messrs. Fisher Unwin.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account in not more than a hundred and fifty words of prose on How I Celebrated Peace. (The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best note in not more than a hundred and fifty words on which character in fiction you would recommend as an ideal husband or wife, and why.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to A. M. Christie, of Ashfield, Torquay, for the following:

PIERROT GROWN OLD.

Here upon the hearth together,
Here, where once the children played,
I and Pierrette watch together,
I and Pierrette undismayed.
Hand in hand we played as children,
In the bygone days of old,
Now we watch the shadows lengthen,
I and Pierrette—growing old. . . .
Pierrette's hand has left the blind
Half unlatched, and from behind
Darkening clouds, *there shines the moon.* . . .
(*On the hearth the ashes flicker,*
Pierrot, does your heart beat quicker?
Even now in grey December,
As you look, and you remember
Earlier days when you went singing,
Set the whole wide world a'ringing
With your song of love and pain?)

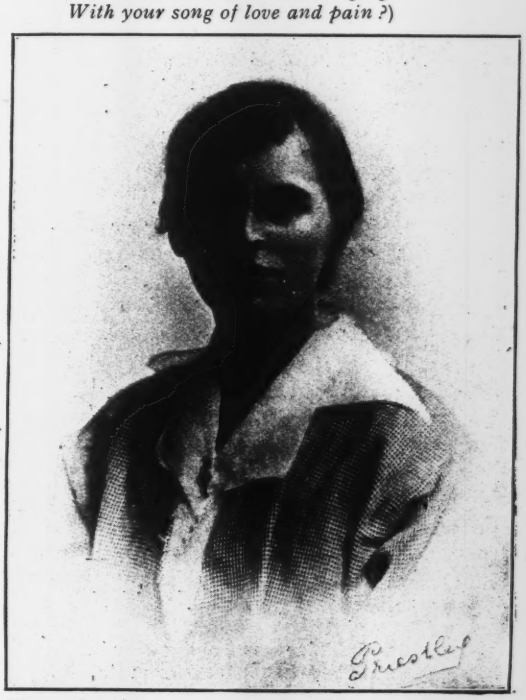


Photo by Priestley. **Miss Clarice Blaikley,** whose poignant little book of war plays, "Waste Cities" (Erskine Macdonald), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, has received compliments from the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Turn you back to where the ember
Strangely kindled, dies again. . . .
Shun the moon lest you remember
Columbine who died so soon. . . .

Something stirring in the garden. . . .
Some soft footfall on the grass. . . .
(*What takes Pierrot to the window*
Watching whose light foot shall pass?)
Flash of spangle in the moonlight!
Crash of thunder! Lightning gleam!
Is it two who dance together
As immortals in a dream?
(*Dreaming only brings one pain*
Can the dead return again?)
Hark! a step upon the pathway!
Hush! a hand upon the door!
Then the door swings slowly open,
There's a step upon the floor. . . .
Just a rustle and a sigh,
There beside me—close, close by. . . .
Some wild bird flown in for shelter?
No! for I could swear I felt her
Tender lips on mine. . . .
Bringing back to me again
All the splendour and the pain!
It is Columbine. . . .

Crash! the door blows to again!
Dark the room and strangely cold. . . .
Pierrette, rising from her seat,
Pulls the blinds with sudden heat,
Shuts the moon from out my sight!
(*Pierrette ever hates its light*)
Is there anger in her eyes?
Knowledge, fear, and swift surprise?
(*Strange the room should turn so cold. . . .*
Pierrot! you are growing old. . . .)
She and I the self same folk,
Bound together by the yoke
Of the common years together. . . .
Through the fair or clouded weather.
So shall we, the self same clay,
Watch the ashes growing grey. . . .

Lead me back, then, where the fire
Gives one leap of last desire!
Flickers faint and fitful yet,
As a heart that would forget. . .
Moondreams only bring one pain!
Can the dead return again?
Columbine died in the past. . . .
And the fire burns out at last. . . .

We also select for printing:

AT EVENING TIME.

O Son of God, O Son of Man,
Whose tenderness and love can span
The woes of earth from pole to pole,
Now gather close each tired soul—
And every heart that sobs in vain
For evening's peace and rest from pain.

Oh! pitying Christ, may darkness bring
A cooling dew for suffering,
And may the vesture of the Night
Fold grief and sorrow out of sight—
So that the robe of silence fall,
Like Benediction over all.

Ope wide Thine arms, and gather in
The tired heart that turns from sin,
The striving heart of loyal saint,
The tempted, falling, and the faint,
The fearful who would turn to Thee
And lean on love's infinity.

So let the silent night be sweet
With the music of Thy feet,
And let the chilly dusk be warm
With the love-glow of Thy Form,
Fear and terror have no part,
Son of God, if near Thou art.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by M. E. Morris (Torquay), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Beatrice Skelton (Forest Gate), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green), F. E. Scarborough (Piccadilly), A. E. Wood (London, W.), L. Freeman (Wolverhampton), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby), Canon C. J. Boden (Nottingham), I. L. Watts (Leeds), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Irene Eveleen Osborne (Honor Oak,) Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne (Blackheath), Mary E. Pierce (St. Leonards), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), R. Scott Frayn (Timperley), M. B. (Calne), Yvonne Creswell (Plympton), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee), Lyons Wilson (Leeds), Mrs. Paterson Cranmer (Teddington), Alicia Sheridan (Orpington), Vera Nation (Louth), Mrs. M. E. Fraser (Hornsey), H. B. Whitehead (Oldham), Sheena Macfarlane (Woldingham), Daphne de Waal (Kenilworth, Cape Town), Gladys Bass (Surbiton), Noelle Ffrench; F. Olsen (B.T., in F. and F.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Hilda M. Barrow (Dunstable), Olga Mills (Croydon), Margaret Ellerker (Scarborough), D. H. Southgate (Maidenhead), Edith A. Quirk (Eastbourne), B. Ionides (Hove), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), L. D. Cosgrove (West Ealing), E. M. H. Harington (Folkestone), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), J. E. Owen (Muswell Hill), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), Ruth Taylor (Wood Green), Amy E. Evers (Bedcote Stourbridge), H. J. P. Sturton (Lancaster), Cecil Thomas (Wellingborough), Ernest F. Seymour (Hampstead), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), C. R. Price (Wellington).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mabel W. Shepheard, of Dunmow, St. Leonards, East Sheen, Surrey, for the following:

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
(Humphrey Milford.)
"She never told her love."
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

We also select for printing:

THE SOLITARY HOUSE. BY E. R. PUNSHON.
(Ward, Lock.)
"Thou art too dear for my possessing."
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet.*

(Grace E. Ashford, Red Cliff, Kinver, near Stourbridge, and D. M. Richardson, 31, Canynge Square, Clifton, Bristol.)

A NIGHT SURPRISE. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.
(Ward, Lock.)
"The cow jumped over the moon.'
Nursery Rhyme.

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield, and Miss Edith Shepheard.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of original verse on the town, village or district in which the writer's holiday has been or will be spent is awarded to Mrs. E. R. Leatham, of The White House, Durham, for the following:

SCARBOROUGH.

Scarborough! where the North Sea's billows beat against the rocky wall.
All ways rose-ways! Tea, and tennis; music in a Floral Hall,
Parks, and lilied lakes, and "Catlings," Spa and Pool, and silver shore:—
For your loveliness we love you. For your scars* we love you more.

* Bombarded.

From the very large number of replies received we select for special commendation the verses by C. E. Ransom (Bovey Tracey), "Malakoff" (Camborne), Lilian Mary Nally (Dublin), T. D. Hodgson (Harrogate), Mrs. T. D. Hawkins (Ealing), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Mary P. Gray (Grays Thurnock), Hilda Barrow (Dunstable), Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Mrs. Change (Streatham Park), S. E. Thompson (Hampstead), Mrs. Lucy Harrison (St. Leonards-on-Sea), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Lieutenant Malcolm Hemphrey, of Middleton, Lynchford Road, Farnborough, Hants, for the following:

A PRINCE IN PETTO. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is a story of the years of exile following the unsuccessful rebellion of '45, and the narrator is bonnie Prince Charlie's son, who from obscurity is swept, at the age of fourteen, into the maelstrom of political and royal intrigue. The Prince himself appears before us, middle-aged, dishonoured, almost forgotten. There are occasional exciting chapters, but the book, as a whole, lacks the raciness and glamour of romance, and the bones of history too frequently protrude. A little more flesh and blood, and the novel might easily have ranked with Whyte Melville's or Stanley Weyman's delightful tales.

We also select for printing:

THE ELSTONES. By ISABEL C. CLARKE. (Hutchinson.)

If the Anglican Church had as powerful an advocate among novelists as the Romanists have in Miss Clarke she might have a more enthusiastic following. Miss Clarke's partisanship is never irritating; she is an excellent propagandist, but she still makes the usual mistake of calling her Church Catholic instead of Roman. Her character drawing is in most cases powerful and realistic; Elvidias and Lady Elstones are to be found every day. But her men are prigs and their conversions far too easy to be convincing. But it is a most readable book and will especially appeal to those who are thinkers.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

KATE PLUS TEN. By EDGAR WALLACE. (Ward, Lock.)

This is a most thrilling holiday story which is well worth reading on several counts. The skill shown by the "World Thieves" in their many *coups* is of great interest to those who revel in detective stories and the like, and the motives influencing and actuating the various members of the famous gang in Crime Street are worthy of note by the psychologist. The human *motif* pervading the whole is distinctly fascinating, and all who read it will follow the career of hunter and hunted with unremitting interest. It is improbable, perhaps, but none the worse for that!

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We select for special commendation the fifteen reviews by Joseph Holford (Norwich), M. J. Dobie (Chester), H. R. Shaw (Liverpool), J. Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Robert A. Guthrie (Glasgow), Ethel Webster (Bristol), William Saunders (Edinburgh), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. Ralton Barnard, of 6, The Crescent, York.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THAT originality is not the most common feature of new books, is not a very rash or contentious proposition. But things might become less peaceful if an attempt were made to define originality, or at least the ways of securing it. For a good many years past the idea of it has been very mainly confined to style; and even to one part of style—that is to say phraseology. We have been told that we must not repeat old phrases, however good they are—that everything of the kind must be personal and new. It was probably wrong of Shakespeare to use four such frightfully common words, so ordinarily put together, as "The rest is silence"; he should have sought something more in the Goncourtian or Meredithese manner. But perhaps there has been a mistake here, or at any rate a too exclusive devotion to one side of the question. The more excellent side of originality—certainly the rarer—may possibly be discovered elsewhere, in the ability to find, and make good, a distinct and independent point of view. The field of thought on almost all questions has been so much trodden; the claims have been so marked and overmarked and cross-prospected; that it is not easy to secure such a position of vantage.

It is in this respect that Professor Gregory Smith's book is most remarkable: though it is by no means devoid of other claims to consideration, having plenty of crisp phrase, of acute criticism of individual books and authors, and, in one respect especially which will deserve special notice later, of discussion of subordinate but important questions. Scottish literature, at first sight, may seem to be a subject rather easy than difficult of comprehension. It is very manageable in bulk; it is (the present volume brings this out well) not very complex, indeed unusually simple, in departmental distribution; and it has certain strong characteristics of difference which, *as* differences, do really "leap to the eyes" after a fashion singularly congenial to that often borrowed French metaphor. Moreover, it is the appanage of a notoriously patriotic people; it has produced at least two—Scott and Burns—some of us would, adding Carlyle, say at least three members of almost the selectest company of great writers that the world can furnish, with plentiful squires and pages and yeomen to attend these chosen knights. Yet, however angry this statement may make some persons,

* "Scottish Literature: Character and Influence." By G. Gregory Smith. (Macmillan.)

it has been much more talked about than read; it has had no really good and really literary history till Professor Hepburn Millar's very recent one; and it has scarcely had anything that may be called a Companion to such a History until this treatise of Professor Gregory Smith's.

The differentia—the logically constituting characteristic of Scottish Literature—as he defines it, is the presence therein of an unusually pronounced antinomy (though he does not himself, we think, use this rather battered word) of the real and the fantastic—of Intimacy and Fancifulness. The one gives the early and pervading attention to detail, whereof the sometimes too much insisted on notices of scenery, weather, etc., are merely instances; the other inspires in more vulgar moods "flyting" and the like, in less vulgar the ballad and the lyric and all the floating gossamer of Faery. Anyone may see at once—whether he has ever seen it before or not—how this theory of antinomy or antithesis explains, as every such thing should explain, the degradations and the consequent libels, as well as the exaltations and the appurtenant glories, of the national character. In the mood of too much attention to detail a slight "surgical operation" might perhaps be salutary; in those of excessive high jinks and "skimble-skamble" Mr. Pleydell's green tea and wet towel do sometimes suggest themselves as sovereign. But when Minerva is kind to the one tendency, you get the best touches of Henryson and Dunbar in the old literature, the most strikingly drawn scenes and characters of Scott and Carlyle in the newer: when the lower Fancy discards her "lendings" and becomes the higher Imagination you get the dateless jewels of the Ballads, or the texts, less tormenting to Dryasdust, of "Kilmeny" and "Proud Maisie."

One curious result of this omnipresent working and counterworking of the two moods which he has so well displayed and defined, Mr. Gregory Smith has not, one thinks, touched upon: and that is the fact that perhaps in no other literature do you so often find almost great things in very small writers as in Scots. The heavy finger for once finds itself on the real spot; the clumsy wing for once acquires hawk's or lark's or swallow's flight. But if he has not noticed this—which is after all a disputable opinion rather than a certain fact—he has left very little else unnoticed. Of course readers not acquainted with the actual literature may find themselves, not infrequently, at a loss. But this may be claimed as a positive merit of the book. Scottish Literature ought to be the subject of much greater "acquaintance" than it enjoys; more particularly (if one may say so without offence) on the northern side of the Tweed. And anyone who can feel the savour and "race" of this allusive discussion of it ought to be enticed to hunt up the allusions. Here it is only possible to notice a few of the points handled or merely touched upon. Perhaps the most important part of the book, after the laying out of its main thesis, is the chapter on "The Problem of Dialect" which is one of the very best things ever written on the subject, and supplies material for thought on the problem itself in other languages besides Scots. In particular, Mr. Gregory Smith's defence of Scott's peculiar use of dialect as a seasoning, but not a main ingredient, save in special parts of his work, is a capital piece of advocacy and indeed something more. Nor is the demonstration how drama is almost wanting and prose inferior to verse in Scots less noteworthy as an important part of the book.

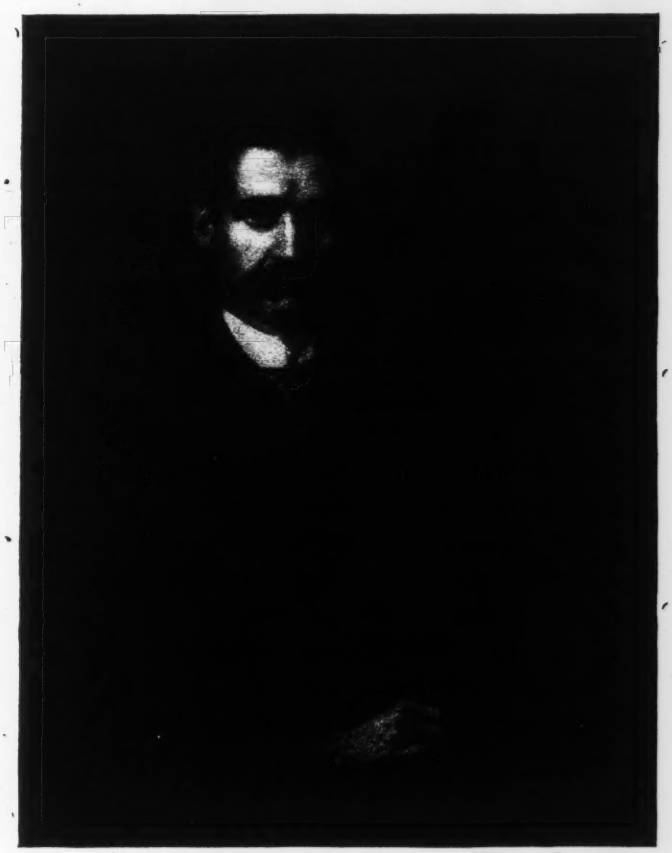
Some scattered "bricks of the house" should however be produced. Few really critical students of the subject will deny that "Scottish literature is more mediæval in habit than [usual] criticism has suspected." The remark "it is history rather than literature or the history that is in literature or goes with it, that gives popular credit to the Scottish Muse" may not itself be popular "up there"; but it is exceedingly true. The present reviewer happened, quite recently, to be reading an essay, some half century old, by it matters not what Scottish writer, on Scott. The Wizard was generously championed against the modern depreciation which had even then begun. But though the intention was literary, the writer was constantly deflected from literature to praise of Scott's morals, manners, politics, nationalism, illustration of history and what not. And the deduction is sound that this habit has actually interfered with the appreciation of the literature itself. The revaluation of certain very loose estimates of foreign influence on Scots is hardly less important than the "Dialect" and "Drama and Prose" sections: but, like them, it must be studied in the book: while on the other hand the dictum "No Scots ever printed or spoken can claim general authority" is a capital example of that book's succincter contents. And the passage on Edinburgh at the beginning of the chapter on "The Northern Augustans" supplies evidence of command in yet a third division. Nor should we omit to notice, in connection with this same chapter, the satisfactory fashion in which Mr. Gregory Smith smites one of the silliest crotchets of the sham prae—or perfervids—the repudiation of writers like Hume and Robertson as deserters and outcasts from pure Scottishness.

Perhaps, however, there is no sentence in the volume which is at once more satisfactory in itself, and more explanatory of the soundness of the whole composition than one—to speak with strict accuracy in regard to punctuation, two—occurring at page 102. "Such problems in the life-history of a literature, as in the career of an individual, are not to be solved by ingenious speculation on the probable or possible. Our only recourse is to the facts." The innocent reader who is not familiar with literary histories may say "Nothing wonderful in that, surely?" Even moderate familiarity would answer his question for him. In no department of inquiry is attention to fact and to fact only, combined of course with intelligent grasp and arrangement of fact, so rare as in literary history. If the blue pencil were run through all "speculation on the probable or possible" (a splenetic person might add on the extremely improbable and almost or quite impossible) whole books if not whole bookcases would have to go from the library of this kind of literature; and what remained would exhibit a terrible amount of cancel in all but very few instances proportionately. Of these instances Mr. Gregory Smith's book may be unhesitatingly pronounced to be one. He has known his subject; has known what he meant to do with it; has meant to do something worth doing; and has done it

HENRY LAWSON.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

WHETHER Kendall was a greater poet than Adam Lindsay Gordon may be a matter of opinion; and it may be a matter of opinion whether certain of his contemporaries are not greater poets than Henry Lawson; but there is no question that as Gordon stood pre-eminent in the past, so Lawson stands to-day, the most typical, the most representative Australian poet of his time. Not only because he gets into his verse so much of the life and character, the scenery and colloquial language of the Australian bush, the town, the sheep-station and the mining-camp, but that the whole body of his poetry is alive with the freshness, the freedom and restless vigour, the spontaneous sentiment and humour, raw humanity and unstudied, sometimes almost crude simplicity of a race that is still in the making and has not had its natural impulses put into harness, nor the strong angles of its individuality smoothed down by old custom and the common laws of convention. His verse is not merely or even primarily a matter of technique; he has never tried to model himself on the standard English poets; whatever he is not, he is always himself, finding his themes in his own country and expressing them with an art that seems as natural to him as if he were but a pipe through which the spirit of Australia blew to music.



Henry Lawson.

From portrait by John Longstaff in the National Gallery, Sydney.
From "Selected Poems of Henry Lawson" (Sydney: Angus & Robertson).

In an interesting preface to Lawson's Selected Poems * David McKee Wright names him "the first articulate voice of the real Australian," and says frankly and finely, "Lawson is never exquisite as are our greater lyrists. The axemarks show in his work everywhere." It is in the fitness of things that he should be more essentially Australian even than Gordon, for Australia is his motherland. He was born there, in 1867, in a tent on the Grenfell gold-field. "His father was a Norse sailor who became a digger," says Mr. Wright; "his mother came of a Kentish family of gipsy blood and tradition." This much of his ancestry you may gather, too, from his poems—from "The Vagabond," from the lines "To Jim," or the wonderfully self-revealing song of "The Wander-light" which in its own way tells his own story:

"Oh, my ways are strange ways and new ways and old ways,
And deep ways, and steep ways, and high ways and low;
I'm at home and at ease on a track that I know not,
And restless and lost on a road that I know.

"Then they heard the tent-poles clatter,
And the fly in twain was torn—
'Twas the soiled rag of a tatter
Of the tent where I was born.
Does it matter? Which is stranger—
Brick or stone or calico?
There was One born in a manger
Nineteen hundred years ago.

"For my beds were camp beds, and tramp beds, and damp beds,
And my beds were dry beds on drought-stricken ground,
Hard beds and soft beds and wide beds and narrow—
For my beds were strange beds the wide world round.

"And the old hag seemed to ponder,
With her grey head nodding slow:
'He will dream, and he will wander
Where but few would think to go.
He will flee the haunts of tailors,
He will cross the ocean wide,
For his fathers they were sailors—
All on his good father's side.'

"I rest not, 'tis best not, the world is a wide one—
And caged for a moment I pace to and fro;
I see things, and dree things, and plan while I'm sleeping,
I wander for ever and dream as I go.

"And the old hag was troubled,
As she bent above the bed:
'He will dream things and he'll see things
To come true when he is dead.
He will see things all too plainly,
And his fellows will deride,
For his mothers they were gipsies—
All on his good mother's side.'

* "Selected Poems of Henry Lawson." With Preface by David McKee Wright, portrait in colour by John Longstaff, and 9 full-page illustrations by Percy Leason. 12s. 6d. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Australian Book Co.)

"And my dreams are strange dreams, are day dreams, are grey dreams,
And my dreams are wild dreams, and old dreams and new;
They haunt me and daunt me with fears of the morrow—
My brothers they doubt me—but my dreams come true."

Such a dreamer and such a wanderer he was from the beginning. He grew up on the gold-fields and on the selection where his father presently settled down; then went, before he was well out of his boyhood, to work as a coach-painter at Sydney, where "he attended a night school, dabbled in spiritualism, and was caught in the wave of socialism." The eighties and nineties, there as here, were years of social and political awakening and upheaval, and Lawson found his first inspiration in the stimulating unrest of the time. Before he was twenty-one he had won a reputation, writes Mr. McKee Wright, as "probably the most remarkable writer of verse in Australia."

By then, however, he had turned his back on Sydney and travelled far into the interior, to wander and work there, sharing "the rude, strenuous life of his brothers in a dozen varieties of toil. . . . The drover, the stockman, the shearer, the rider far on the skyline, the girl waiting at the sliprails, the big bush funeral, the coach with flashing lamps passing at night along the ranges, the man to whom home is a bitter memory and his future a long despair, the troops marching to the beat of drum, the coasting vessel struggling through blinding south-westerly gales, the great grey plain, the wilderness of the Never-Never"—these as he has seen and known them, and the thoughts and emotions that arise from seeing and knowing these, are the blood and breath and being of the poems he has written.

Reminiscent of his wandering days among the rugged grandeurs, vast solitudes, or fullness of rough life at scattered camps and lawless, primitive towns of the Australian hinterland are the vigorous, graphically pictorial ballads of "The Roaring Days," "The Lights of Cobb & Co.," "The Shearing Shed," "Ballad of the Rouseabout," "The Teams," "Ballad of the Drover" and "The Never-Never Land." Reminiscent of them also are such character sketches as "Sweeney," "Dan the Wreck," "Out Back," and that of the human outcast type of man who drinks, swears, gambles, never does any good for himself but is always ready to do a good turn for another, a reckless, kindly waster, "and his name is mostly Bill":

". . . Maybe he's in trouble or hard up now, and travelling far for work,
Or fighting a dead past down to-night in a lone camp west of Bourke.
When he's happy and flush, take your sorrow to him and borrow as much as you will;
But when he's in trouble or stony-broke, you never will hear from Bill."

If there is bitterness as well as pathos or humour in some of Lawson's virile, realistic pictures of

"The living death in the lonely bush, the greed of the selfish town,"

there is charm and an exquisite tenderness in others—in "The Drover's Sweetheart," for instance, and in that quietly tragic idyll of love and long waiting, "The Sliprails and the Spur":

"The colours of the setting sun
Withdrew across the Western land—
He raised the sliprails one by one,
And shot them home with trembling hand;
Her brown hands clung—her face grew pale—
Ah, quivering chin and eyes that brim!—
One quick, fierce kiss across the rail,
And 'Good-bye, Mary!' 'Good-bye, Jim!'

"Oh, he rides hard to race the pain
Who rides from love, who rides from home;
But he rides slowly home again
Whose heart has learned to love and roam. . . ."

there is pity and the sense of heartbreak in the ballad of the lonely, worn woman, "Past Carin'," which stands in sharp contrast to the gracious, homely, quaintly happy etching in verse of the old granny in "Black Bonnet."

It is twenty years since, in reviewing one of Lawson's prose volumes, the *Spectator* said, "It is strange that one we would venture to call the greatest Australian writer should be practically unknown in England"; and, if we are no longer subject to this reproach, I believe that most of us still know him only as a poet. As an artist in the short story he has been classed with Kipling, with de Maupassant, with Bret Harte; but he is closer akin to the last than to either of the others. The kinship to Bret Harte is suggested in some of his verse—or perhaps only seems to be because both writers pictured similar types of humanity as they existed under similar conditions in their different nations—and though there are no abler or more racily intimate stories of the comedy and tragedy of the outer circles of Australian life than are in his two books, "On the Track and Over the Sliprails" and "While the Billy Boils," it was as a poet that Lawson first became known, and I think it is as a poet that he will be chiefly remembered.

Generally I am a little shy of selections, but this of the poetry of Lawson is made with admirable critical judgment and very adequately represents the range and diversity of his gift. I miss from it those grim, powerful ballads of Russia, "The March of Ivan" and "Grey Wolves, Grey"; and one or two of his swinging, stirring songs of the late war, notably "Fighting Hard" and the "Song of the Dardanelles"; but there are some that are new to me (some that have not appeared between covers before), and they serve to atone for this. Lawson is a democrat in grain, a born rebel, and his flamingly passionate "My Army, O, My Army," though it was written early in the war, is nothing of the conventional war chant. He is no all-wool Imperialist, but an incurably human man, and his deep patriotism, his love of his land speak with a passionate pride and emotion in "Fighting Hard," "The Song of the Dardanelles," and perhaps more than all in "The Star of Australia," which, written in 1895, forsaw that

"From grander clouds in our peaceful skies than ever were there before
I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the lurid clouds of war,"

XUM

and that when the great testing day came:

"All creeds and trades will have soldiers there—give every class its due—
And there'll be many a clerk to spare for the pride of the jackeroo.
They'll fight for honour and fight for love, and a few will fight for gold,
For the devil below and for God above, as our fathers fought of old;
And some half-blind with exultant tears, and some stiff-lipped, stern-eyed,
For the pride of a thousand after-years and the old eternal pride:
The soul of the world they will feel and see in the chase and the grim retreat—
They'll know the glory of victory—and the grandeur of defeat."

This prophecy was nearly twenty years old when it came true, and that one result of the way in which it came true was to strengthen the love and admiration of Australia for the old country, let his "England Yet," written in 1917 and one of the new poems in this selection, bear witness:

"She's England yet! The nations never knew her;
Or, if they knew, were ready to forget.
She made new worlds that paid no homage to her,
Because she called for none as for a debt.
The bullying power who deemed all nations craven,
And that her star of destiny had set,
Was sure that she would seek a coward's haven,
And tempted her, and found her England yet!

"We learn our England, and we soon forget,
To learn again that she is England yet. . . .

"She's England yet; and men shall doubt no longer,
And mourn no longer for what she has been.
She'll be a greater England and a stronger—
A better England than the world has seen.
Our own, who reck not of a king's regalia,
Tinsel of crowns, and courts that fume and fret,
Are fighting for her—fighting for Australia—
And blasphemously hail her England yet!

"She's England yet, with little to regret,
Ay, more than ever, she'll be England yet!"

Lawson's war verse was, of course, written by the way, but, like the more characteristic work on which his fame rests, it voices the heart and soul of his own people, and, if only because he is one of them and interprets them as Burns interpreted Scotland, it was to be expected that they should easily and enthusiastically recognise and acclaim his genius; what is more significant, perhaps, is that their highest praise should have found its fullest confirmation in the judgment of a foreign critic. Writing of him in the *Mercure de France* a few years ago, Professor Saillens paid tribute to the qualities in his work that are "deeply and eternally human," and added, "Australia has a great future before her, and particularly a great artistic future, but she will never have another Lawson."

New Books.

A CONCERT.*

The limits of verse as a medium for pleasing the ear are indefinable, but it seems as if poets are too indolent to capture fresh raptures of music. Of "free" verse the best that can be said is that it is very convenient for poets whose ears can tolerate it, as, like an india-rubber bag, its form is what its contents make it. But just as one does not look to legs for new illustrations of flying, so one does not look to prose or prosy verse for new varieties of singing. New varieties can only proceed from inspiration having form for its special object; and, new forms being invented, it may be that poets will have to work hard to adapt their matter to those forms.

The seven poets before me do not convey to my ear the impression that they are working for novelty in form, but since Mr. Houghton worthily follows Drayton in the latter's most celebrated metre, he deserves to invoke and be heard by the Muse of Metrical Novelty. Beyond doubt he has that gift of melody which turns images of the terrifying into sweetstuff for the ear. Let these stanzas show what I mean:

"A legend runs that when the night
Holds neither moon nor starry light,
A cry comes from the tombs;
That men have heard in rooted dread
The hermit walking with the dead
Amid the catacombs;

"That flares have flashed through mighty rents
Of those half-buried battlements
Like ravenous green eyes;
That mystic stars of orange flame
Have traced a hieroglyphic name
Across the ebon skies."

It is true that in such writing there lurks an iota of that food for mirth which is to be found in such rich abundance in Monk Lewis's "Alonzo the Brave"; the contrast between the libretto and the music, so to speak, is just a little amusing. But Mr. Houghton is a poet of distinction and when his dramatic sense is more educated his narrative verse will gain in power to create illusion.

The author of "Songs and Chanties" is a lady, and it is remarkable that she succeeds in pleasing by work which instinctively keeps one listening for the voice of a well-trained parrot. Chanties are sung by tars at work; and, to be candid, when they are thus heard they are very much more expressive of the impulse for rhythm than for literature. Yet Miss Fox Smith somehow has the art of creating the mood for banging the door behind one and hurrying to the nearest stream that communicates with the sea. And although I have read Mr. Kipling, Mr. Service, and our confrère, the lamented J. E. Patterson's excellent anthology of Sea Songs, I find her verses new by virtue of personal enthusiasm, just as to-day's blackbird's song is new, though we heard another blackbird last year. She can be funny in the manner of the music hall, and do a war poem better than most, though neither she nor any other among the seven whom I am now reviewing, has so exquisitely united the war to literature as has Lord Dunsany in his "Dirge of Victory." Ere taking leave of Miss Fox

* "The Tavern of Dreams." By Claude Houghton. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Songs and Chanties, 1914–1916." By C. Fox Smith. 6s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"New Poems." By Charles G. D. Roberts. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Swords and Flutes." By William Kean Seymour. 4s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Through Two Windows." By Leslie Hinchliff Winn. 2s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)—"Chimes for the Times." By A. Bartholeyns. 1s. net. (McBride, Nast.)—"An Exile's Lute." By E. Howard Harris. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Smith, one may say that "Romance" is a poem that the ear holds perhaps longer than any others in her book. It shows a genuine effort at virtuosity in picturing the things that quicken the lethargic soul, and it is a great pity that its closing quatrain is marred by a sacrifice of perfection to convenience in the arrangement of words.

Mr. Roberts's volume is slender, but has no lack of emotion:

> "I am the man who dared the Gods
> And under their thunderbolts lay blest,
> Because I found the flower, and wore it
> One wild hour upon my breast."

The above proclamation is perhaps as good as anything in his present collection, though his tribute to the earth—

> "Dear dwelling of the immortal and unseen"—

appeals to those who like to know something of the spiritual life of a man of mark.

Another BOOKMAN critic has spoken highly of past work by Mr. Seymour, and his new book, in which is included his well-known "Deathless Dead," has given me the pleasure that deep feeling expressed with dignity and passion, irony and unexpectedness, awake in me when I find them in literature. Something, however, has gone wrong with the meaning in the attempt to express it in a stanza on page 31, and I am repelled by an idolatry which asserts that the "flame" of a woman's hair "made a failure of the sun." Mr. Seymour has unusual command of the technique of the sonnet. His sonnet on a Dead Poet (possibly the Keats of legend who was "snuffed out by an article") is a masterpiece of eloquent questioning, and certain sonnets that pay tribute to unhappy loves are also beautiful. In the poem "Casualty," in which he eerily contrives a tragedy out of the meeting between a witch on her broomstick and an aviator, he displays imaginative talent of a high order. Mr. Seymour has, in fact, the eye for the new. He can get away from the amatory and opiniative and present interesting objects and events as clearly as a balladist.

Mr. Winn is poetical rather than specifically a poet. His *vers libres* do not justify the forfeiture of the privileges of simple prose; and though he offers specimens of verse written according to old rules they are not very impressive, unless one is to accept as a truth such a statement as is contained in his question:

> "Who should fear death when none knows ill of him?"

Mr. Bartholeyns in "Chimes for the Times" may be defined as a folk-lorist at play. The war is over and to gambol lyrically is better than mafficking, even if the poet is not wholly invulnerable to a feline retort when he says:

> "Faint the caterwaul of Folly . . .
> Compared to the Hosanna holy."

Mr. Bartholeyns has metrical skill; sometimes he pleases by sound or by antiquarianism, but he seems like many rhymers to suppose that metre can glorify banality.

Mr. Harris loves Wales, and can tell a "tall" story with the solemn earnestness of an Old Testament Hebrew. His technique is inconsiderable, but it is enough for his poetry to come through and to enable him to interest his reader. When he is angry he is formidable, and if the wretch who asserted that "Taffy was a thief" can hear that he spent his life in

> "Scraping muck and spitting venom by the candlelight of ghouls,"

he will be thankful that Mr. Harris does not exercise the function of Rhadamanthus. Mr. Harris's lines on "The Welsh Gypsy" are charming, and his vision of the prehistoric Welsh beauty about to be killed by the white-tusked mammoth is effectively horrid.

And here I leave my seven singers to the consideration of a public who can hive all their present wares in the pockets of one coat.

W. H. CHESSON.

JEREMY.*

This book, it is pretty evident, has been written in a holiday spirit; and, as Mr. Walpole maintains a right sense of his literary responsibilities, it is, though slight in form and episodical, an excellently well finished piece of work. Its main study is Jeremy Cole, the child of eight—standing with unreluctant feet where infancy and boyhood meet—and as, within its limits, it is sufficiently realistic, the book should help to get rid of that dreadful literary abortion, the gushing fictionist's little pet, with his too-beautiful presence, elaborated mispronunciation and drivelling simplicities. Even at his worst the true child is always a great deal better than an idiot's darling.

Jeremy, although by far the most prominent person of the book, cannot be considered apart from his sisters, Helen and Mary, especially Mary, with her spectacled earnestness and dreadfully faithful devotion, for they generally aided and abetted him in his various adventures, and—to use the adjective in its most casual meaning—gave him moral backing. Their most successful effort in conspiracy was at the expense of Miss Jones, the elderly, ugly, neuralgic, incompetent governess, who through sheer stupidity challenged the naughtiness of Jeremy and his sisters, and found it even diabolically calculating. One characteristic of childhood faithfully depicted by Mr. Walpole, which the gushing sentimentalist certainly does not see, is its eager faculty for hating. Jeremy hated a number of people, and (putting aside my elderly prejudices that were based upon moral copybook) I sympathise with him over this, as his nurse the Jampot, Jellybrand the burlesque curate, and the inept and interfering Aunt Amy, to name no others, had the sort of fussy virtuosities or jarring incompetence that should rouse the spirit of revolt; and, as the opportunities of wronged infancy for justified revolt are extraordinarily limited, an ardent hatred is the only alternative and safety-valve. Miss Jones, with those others, duly earned the white-hot hatred of the nursery three; and then, in the most inconsequent manner, lost it; for when she was successfully fought and conquered, Jeremy came accidentally to witness her humiliation of tears, and forthwith surrendered—how could he continue a raging campaign against so reduced an enemy? He became thereafter to poor Miss Jones as good as gold in an age of Bradburys. He is altogether an engaging child, plucky, adventurous, self-reliant, lovable.

Even more important than the sisterly association with Jeremy was that of the dear dog, Hamlet. There is one element about the creature that causes me doubt. When a stray dog, saturated with snow and dirty, comes to kind strangers in a clean, warm room, does he lick himself like a cat? He does not! A dog has too much sense of humour, and Hamlet was as well-endowed in that respect as any quadruped gentleman. No! He would have waited for the children to cluster round him, as they did; and then would have sprung on them with the eager embraces of dirty feet, after which challenge to patience, when his affectionate exuberance had driven them a little distance away, he would have shaken himself thoroughly, showering on them the rain-water with which his generous coat was drenched. Dogs, especially when they are nice mongrels, have a deal of the old Adam in them. That is why they prove such right companions. Hamlet could not have licked himself clean.

The episodes and characters grouped round the rapidly developing personality of Jeremy Cole are admirably planned and diversified to bring out his mental and moral growth and idiosyncrasies. The tale of the sea-captain is the least novel of the set, for the child and burglar business has been overdone, though Mr. Walpole is too wise to follow the moral lead in causing the prattling innocent to bring the midnight burglar to an immediate conversion or even to capture. Jeremy's passion for the sea, the excuse for this episode, is forgotten during the rest of the book. One person we could gladly have seen more of; and that is Uncle Samuel. This fat artist, with his self-indulgence

* "Jeremy." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. net. (Cassell.)

and sudden bursts of generous kindness, is too good for merely occasional glimpses. Perhaps we shall see more of him in one of Mr. Walpole's later novels. I hope so, for the story of Uncle Samuel's past and future must be sympathetic and well worth the reading and telling. Although "Jeremy" cannot have taken a severe toll of its author's nervous and emotional resources, it is no less a well written and enjoyable book; and while evidently penned as a pleasant diversion for a literary holiday, proves, for that very reason possibly, splendid holiday reading.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

OBITER SCRIPTA.*

These papers were contributed by Mr. Harrison to the *Fortnightly Review* month after month during 1918. The author has described them as "a miscellaneous article on the Situation, the Future, Books, and Men." The range of topic is remarkable; scarcely any branch of knowledge, any form of art, any phase of religion is left unrepresented; and whatever the author touches he certainly adorns. In this universality of literary acquirement he stands surely alone. Alone too, as I judge, in the strength and finish of his prose; estimates of course vary, but I am not sure that any other pen has filled the gap left by Carlyle. In support of my statement I need make no special quotation; whatever I transcribe in the course of this brief review will serve as an example.

Here are a few words on the subject that has now for four or five years engrossed human thought—the gigantic war between Germany and civilisation:

"It is a case of the diabolic dogma which he and his soldiers have taught the German race, that war abrogates morality, humanity, decency, customs, laws, contracts. Until this gospel of Hell can be driven out of the German mind there can be no peace for civilisation. And nothing but the extremity of suffering will ever drive it out of their mind."

This under the head of Action, chiefly; equally to the purpose is what he writes on the side of Intellect:

"One of the ultimate gains of the war, we trust, will be that modern learning may free itself from that German ponderosity which for two generations has enthralled it. In many subjects its industry, patience, thoroughness and subtlety have taught the world much. But in all the moral and spiritual forms of mind it has laid its heavy hand on thought by pedantic specialism, baseless hypotheses and gaseous metaphysic. Let us free the world of this *Kultur* of the Book, along with the *Kultur* of the Sword."

Before leaving the subject let me add that I am writing this on the eve of our Peace celebrations. And what of the peace? What peace can there be for a nation on strike, or a world distraught? Let us hear Mr. Harrison's latest on the "Situation" and the "Future"; I quote from a letter received from him two days ago:

"I see nothing but bankruptcy, chaos, civil war, ruin and famine before us now for a decade. It seems a pity the war is ended—if the peoples of Europe are to commit suicide and starve themselves to death."

If we turn from this subject to literature, we find Mr. Harrison in his element; no matter what the department, be it prose or verse, practical or æsthetic, he will deal with it as an authority of taste and judgment. I will select some of his remarks on the Greek dramatists, and, incidentally, on Shakespeare, for as will be seen, these two subjects have been his favourite studies in recent years. Indeed, in his notice of Mr. Courtney's new volume of essays, he writes of Æschylus—"his seven plays are my Bible." But some years ago he asked me to suggest a course of reading as a change from Greek drama; I recommended Shakespeare, and sent him a copy of my edition of "Twelfth Night." Of this he was good enough to approve, adding that commentaries were as necessary for the study of Shakespeare as of Æschylus; and a little later expressed the satisfaction he found in studying the Arden series of Shakespeare's plays. Since that time his letters have abounded in comparisons between Shakespeare and the Attic drama, and as a final result of this course of reading, he gave us his recent article on "Tragedy" in the *Nineteenth Century*.

In connection with this subject, the following quotations from his letters may prove interesting:

"I am now studying the three Electras—by Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, which I mark in this order—Æschylus, 100 (highest possible); Sophocles, 80; Euripides, 50." . . . [I may add that in conversation he has agreed to a higher estimate of Euripides than that suggested by these figures.] "W. S. was a great poet, the greatest of all, but he only *sometimes* took trouble to write a real tragedy." . . . "I am meditating an essay on Shakespeare, to show that he was *not* the greatest tragedian that ever lived." . . . "I yield to no one in believing W. S. to be the greatest *poet* of the world . . . he constantly injured the *tragic* intensity of his plays by giving rein to his own sublime imagination, which Sophocles never did, and which Athenians would not stand."

I will add one other note under this head of Literature, of which, by the way, he remarks—"The one thing that *lives* on is the higher literature. . . . In these cruel times, you and I at least have one unfailing resource—in Poetry." The thirty-ninth page of "Obiter Scripta" prints "the most beautiful of epitaphs,"* together with a version by Mr. Harrison. On this subject he wrote to me, "It is untranslatable into English verse, almost into English prose. The reason is, its monumental *reserve*. . . . It has the noble serenity of the best Greek epitaphs, the type of which is Simonides' on Thermopylæ. Let me see how you English it." I sent three or four versions, one of which was the following:

"Far less with other friends to be,
Alas! than to remember thee."

Then he sent me some more renderings of his own, and finally this: "This epitaph gets on the nerves, and one lies awake inventing new versions. Try this in Roman monumental form:

"'Poor solace give
The friends who live:
Enough for me
To think on thee!'

But no verse or *rhymed* version of Latin epigraphic *prose* is possible."

For the rest, the book itself must speak; it will speak eloquently, and to great purpose.

MORTON LUCE.

* "Heu, quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari
Quam Tui
Meminisse."

* "Obiter Scripta." By Frederic Harrison. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

MURRAY MARKS AND HIS FRIENDS.†

Dr. Williamson's latest volume is an admirable book: full of amusing or informing stories of Rossetti, of Whistler, of Sandys and of Simeon Solomon, and it is a mine of information concerning Charles Augustus Howell, that charming gentleman of Portuguese extraction who successively or perhaps simultaneously fleeced Ruskin, Swinburne and the two famous painters aforementioned. Its main defect is that, professing to give a sketch of "Murray Marks and His Friends," it relegates Marks to the background and places his friends in the foreground. Perhaps, however, this result was inherent in the nature of things; for however considerable in his way a great dealer may be—and Murray Marks was undoubtedly a great dealer—he must *ceteris paribus* be overshadowed in any faithful record by the great artists he met. Moreover, as we learn from Dr. Williamson, who had known him from schoolboy days, Marks was a quiet, modest, reticent man whose self-contained temperament put forth no sort of

† "Murray Marks and His Friends: A Tribute of Regard." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

challenge to the flamboyancy of Whistler, to the exuberance of Swinburne and of Rossetti, and to the robust self-confidence of Millais. Marks had an artist's love of fine pictures, fine china, fine food and fine wine, and he was ever kind and generous in the extreme to the artists who were his intimates; but he had nothing in him of the artist's egoism and gasconade. His cultivated tastes were in his blood. His father, who was also a dealer, was a Dutch Jew named Van Galen; and on his mother's and grandmother's side he was connected with two of the leading families of Vennes, belonging to the Wertheimer Van Wertheimstein stock and claiming direct descent from that Samson who in the early eighteenth century was Minister of Finances to three Emperors in succession. What a happy birthright! How could Murray Marks escape being a great dealer, inheriting such aesthetic sympathies from his father and such financial aptitudes from his mother? Probably, indeed, a dealer had need be a bit of a Jew—a Jew, that is, in both senses of the word, an appreciator and a depreciator—to be able to counter the foibles of the collector and the eccentricities of the artist. Take for example Frederick Richard Leyland, the sometime owner of "The Peacock Room." Leyland was a generous buyer in his way; but he had his mean side, so we learn from Dr. Williamson. Rossetti again, who in addition to being poet and painter was the keenest collector of blue and white china, thought nothing of putting up the price of a picture which he had agreed to execute at a lower figure. While Whistler, impelled by the interested enthusiasm of Howell, who would grind the ink, work the press or hand the paper, quickly learnt to print off his etchings for a steadily rising market. Over the frailties of Simeon Solomon, whom drink and drugs drove to become a pavement artist in the Brompton Road, to sell matches in Whitechapel and to herd with thieves in Houndsditch, it were kinder to draw the veil. Dr. Williamson draws such a veil; for all the new information he gives about this gifted man compels the reader to regret rather than to gloat over his fate. A similar mercy is shown to the memory of that great designer, Frederick Sandys, who seems to have behaved to Murray Marks in the unscrupulous fashion in which he behaved to most of his friends. But our space is exhausted, and we must close our notice of this extremely interesting volume of reminiscences by adding that its illustrations alone are worth the price asked for it. The pictures of the beautiful Mrs. Marks reproduced from portraits done by Rossetti and Sandys add enormously to the interest of its pages.

W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

ORIENTAL CAMPAIGNS.*

Had Mr. Dane and Mr. O'Neill come to a mutual understanding before writing their respective books they could not have produced volumes that dovetailed into each other any better than they do. Mr. Dane deals with the campaigns in the Nearer East, that is to say, Gallipoli, Salonika, Syria, Egypt and Mesopotamia, whereas Mr. O'Neill describes fighting in Togoland, the Kameruns, German South-West Africa, German East Africa, Kiaochau and the German Colonies in the Pacific. Thus between them they cover all the Oriental campaigns.

So much confused talk about "side shows" was indulged in by all manner of people almost to the end of the war that even to this day few persons realise the importance of the fighting in various parts of Asia and Africa, or of the issues involved in such fighting. Well therefore may Mr. Dane remind the reader that "the campaigns in the Nearer East during . . . November, 1914, to January, 1918, not only represent what would in any other war have been considered operations of the first moment, but afford lessons in campaigning of the greatest interest and the highest value."

Mr. Dane analyses the course of fighting in the Near East with great skill and candour. He does not minimise failures, nor does he spare those responsible for them. In describing successes he is always sober. The result is that his plain, interesting recital of facts, based upon reliable documents, carries conviction.

A large portion of Mr. Dane's book is devoted to tracing the failures in Gallipoli and accounting for the debacle at Kut. His examination is keen and thorough, and dispassionate almost to the point of being cold-blooded. While considerations of space make it impossible for me to follow his elaborate analysis, his important findings deserve to be recorded here. Mr. Dane contends—and, in my opinion, contends rightly—that the primary causes of the failures both in Gallipoli and at Kut were the same. The reverses in both theatres of war were fundamentally due to the incapacity of the authorities to realise that "really secure in Egypt on the best foundation of security—popular contentment—and not less really secure in India, the British possessed in the Great Dependency (India) the resources for a military movement against Turkey on a formidable scale." Pressed "by the necessities of war in France," and unnecessarily anxious about the German invasion, the British Cabinet allowed themselves in consequence baselessly to be impressed by the belief that in the Nearer East a defensive policy ought for the moment to have the first place, though the situation, rightly estimated, called for confidence and active energy." Hence, the misfortunes both in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia.

While India possessed tens of millions of men of fighting age, and of admittedly fighting quality, official shortsightedness in Britain and India alike compelled Townshend to march upon Bagdad, hundreds of miles from the seaboard, with 11,000 effectives—all battle-worn. As if that were not tragic in itself, the expedition was handicapped by an appalling shortage of transport and medical supplies. The curious routine that obtained at the India Office proved, moreover, the means of keeping back from Townshend facts that had an important bearing upon his ability to hold Bagdad after it had been captured.

Against the dismal background of shortsightedness and muddle Townshend's incomparable leadership and the gallantry of the Indian and British troops stand out brilliantly. What pluck and what will to bear hardships uncomplainingly! The pages in which Mr. Dane chronicles the triumphant march of the General within eighteen miles of the great capital of the illustrious Caliphs, of his retreat to Kut, and his siege lasting for a hundred days, constitute a fine piece of writing which deserves widely to be read.

The same applies with equal force to that portion in which he shows how tireless energy and attention to detail led General Maude to organise the expedition and the transport, communications, medical supplies, and other essentials of military success, which ultimately drove the Turk far beyond Bagdad. Mr. Dane's description of the fighting in western Egypt, by the Suez Canal and in Palestine, is likewise accurate and vivid. The admirable plans generously distributed through the volume materially assist in explaining how the genius of Maude and Allenby transmuted failure into successes.

Mr. O'Neill's book is graphically illustrated by maps which, together with the text, give a good bird's-eye view of the fighting in Africa and the Far East. As he truly says, "if there had been no war in Europe to overshadow the campaign in the Colonies the world would have been thrilled by these struggles which epitomised centuries of warfare." The "most modern equipment of scientific warfare was to be found side by side with the remains and framework of war whose memory is preserved only in textbooks." Among the formidable obstacles that had to be conquered by the Allies were "dense thickets of jungle, vast stretches of waterless country, fever-ridden swamps, wild animals, and even wild bees."

* "British Campaigns in the Nearer East, 1914–1918." By E. Dane. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)—"The War in Africa, 1914–1917, and in the Far East, 1914." By H. C. O'Neill. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"Two Years' Captivity in German East Africa." By E. C. Holtom. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

XUM

As Mr. O'Neill says, at the outbreak of hostilities Germany made frantic efforts to keep the war out of Africa on the pretext that it was undesirable to give the Africans the opportunity to witness "a conflict between the white rulers." The Allies refused to listen to that plea with the result that vast blocks of territory fell to them to counterbalance the gains that the Germans had made in Europe.

How the Germans stooped to all sorts of villainies in German East Africa is very vividly brought out in Surgeon Holtom's interesting account of his captivity in that country. While on a visit of investigation the Germans turned upon him, and but for amazing luck, he would have been killed instead of being taken prisoner. The occasional glimpses that he gives of the brutal treatment accorded by the Germans to East Africans are extremely painful.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

BELGIUM'S MARTYRDOM.*

Before this work appeared in its present form it ran serially in *Everybody's Magazine*, an American monthly, and in the *Daily Telegraph*. In the latter journal, however, although it began so far back as January 24th, 1918, only about two-thirds have as yet been published. The remainder will, we presume, ultimately be printed and so enable those, for whom a work priced at twenty-five shillings is a luxury, to read Mr. Whitlock's painfully fascinating narrative of what gallant little Belgium had to endure during German domination and tyranny. For about two and a half years from the beginning of the war up to the time when the United States joined the Allies, Mr. Whitlock was the American Minister to Belgium, and there seems to be very little doubt, but for the fact of the neutrality of the United States and the presence in Brussels of her Minister after the Belgian Government had left the capital, that the sufferings of the regions occupied by the enemy would have been greatly intensified. The *ravitaillement* of the country in which the American Minister worked so generously and unceasingly would not, we conjecture, have been carried out with such success without his patience, energy and perseverance. It would not, however, be just to omit the mention of the loyal co-operation of the other representatives of neutral countries who elected to remain at their posts in Brussels. No more enthusiastic co-operators could have been found than the Marquis de Villalobar, the Spanish Minister, and others.

It would be impossible for anyone to read this history without feeling not only the greatest sympathy for the Belgians in their almost unparalleled sufferings, but also the utmost reverence for them on account of the manner in which these sufferings were undergone. Over their bodies the Germans might exercise their masterdom; the unconquerable mind of the nation was untouched. Mr. Whitlock's work is not only fascinating, as has already been stated, but it is of great historical importance. The style is that of a practised writer; not only so, it is in addition that of one with a marked poetic instinct. Nothing could well be more attractive than his description of the capital and its surroundings before the onset of the war, and its poignant contrast with the terrible after days.

Only very occasionally do we come across such a solecism as "that badly" and "that long." These expressions arrest us more particularly by their intrusion into a style of writing otherwise so uniformly excellent.

One quotation, thrice repeated, is we submit incorrectly cited, viz., "It is worse than a crime, it is an *indelicacy*." The underlined word should read "blunder," and its author is not Talleyrand but Fouché or Boulay de la Meurthe. These are very insignificant slips in a work extending to close upon a thousand pages.

S. B.

* "Belgium Under German Occupation." By Brand Whitlock. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Heinemann.)

THE MOUSE OR THE LION.*

It must have occurred more than once to minds fascinated by the Napoleonic legend what a dramatic clash might be contrived by confronting the emperor with a simple type of British patriot. Campbell did it in a spirited ballad, one of the very few in English that give the true measure of the Corsican in the whimsical exercise of his power. Mr. Trench, without apparent debt to anyone, has built up here a four-act drama in similar vein and reserved the great strain of his verse for its culmination. What is better still, he has not fallen into the prevailing fashion of interlarding his acts with choric strophes and anti-strophes; for though these consist in every way with the supernal machinery of Hardy's "Dynasts," and set the right cloud-barriers between gods and mortals, they are apt to be something of a distraction between real scenes and the doings of actual men; and there is no real need for these interpositions of rhyme and metre where the strain of the prose is sound and dignified. Mr. Trench has not made himself a slave of the archaic, though there is just enough of distinction in the dialogue to remove it to the right historic focus; and when it enters on the great verse passage in Act IV., it is easy to assign its authorship to the poet who wrote that fine tribute to the Allies, "The Battle of the Marne."

Mr. Trench is far from making the "great little man" his hero. That honour is reserved for Geoffrey Wickham, eldest son of a family of Kentish patriots with a sturdy old physician for a father, and a mother who has French blood in her and a fine enthusiasm for the republic that "Bony" has destroyed. In the course of a wild and roving life up and down the Dover Straits Geoffrey has mastered their eccentricities of tide and shoal and current, and made his younger brothers his sworn adherents. They find their way into the camp at Boulogne through their fluent French dialect, and Napoleon sees in the eldest the

* "Napoleon: A Play." By Herbert Trench. 10s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

Drawn by George Morrow.

"Lord and Lady Overbury having a vegetarian lunch in front of their house in Belgrave Square to set an example of frugality to the carnivorous poor."

From "Quoth the Raven——." By E. V. L. and G. M. (Methuen), reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

man he has been waiting for to pilot his fleet across for the great invasion. He is too shrewd a tactician, however, to lend himself to Geoffrey's rather palpable plot to entrap and capture him, and when they meet again it is in the cabin of Geoffrey's sloop, Bonaparte in the character of a map-thief and its skipper in a mood of grief over the loss of his brothers. He fails to stir Napoleon to a sense of his duty to France, and finds the invader simply a selfish glutton for power. He tries a desperate device to rid the world of such a monster, but tries in vain; and when the Corsican's men have dispatched him, the body is handed over to his parents with a certain air of greatness and Greek tragedy. The real triumph of the play is that in the midst of his wild and rather random notions, Geoffrey reveals a philosophy of life, where the germ of the civilisation that Napoleon is trying to destroy lies in that family life which he despises, perceiving in it the core and secret of British strength. This is put in majestic verse and is likely to endure as a tribute to the race. Only a true poet could have set it, as the author has set it here, in an impressive frame, half history, half romance, or endowed it with adequacy of language and power of mind.

J. P. COLLINS.

LEONARD MERRICK'S NOVELS.*

"Peggy Harper" is one of Mr. Merrick's later novels, and if it lacks some of that witty geniality which can be found in the earlier work, it yields to none in its competence and craftmanship. In his Introduction Sir Arthur Pinero happily compares Mr. Merrick's art to that of the etcher, quoting Seymour Haden's verdict, "Every stroke he makes tells strongly against him if it be bad, or proves him to be a master if it be good." As the painter is forced to do, so Mr. Merrick from choice allows his method and his style to be governed in some degree by his material and a respect for it. It is this which makes his work so exceptional among modern writing. A sentimental realist of the modern school would have forced us to a gentler view of Peggy; he would have resented the fact that success of a deep kind does vulgarise a vulgar nature; and he would have given us a Peggy full of self-excuse and exculpation. Not that Mr. Merrick judges harshly. He does not blame Peggy—he draws her. So too he is content to leave Tatham, her gentlemanly, quiet, talented lover, unheroic. "Peggy Harper" is astonishingly life-like through its author's refusal to shift his people's characters to gratify a false artistic ideal or a plausible philosophy of life. One reads on always expecting to meet that gratified relenting with which so many English authors pluck their disagreeable people out of harshness and cruelty—but Mr. Merrick never gives way. He is as firm in this as was Mr. Shaw in his early plays, and he has a far finer and more real grasp of human nature and individual temperament than Mr. Shaw has ever had. His sense of temperament, indeed, fills one with renewed admiration on re-reading such a story as this; in the stark, honest effect of the scene when Tatham first finds Mrs. Harper drunk; in the horrible little episode when Peggy, flushed with success, turns down her old friend Naomi Knight, and in every scene when Peggy's degradation becomes plainer and plainer. . . . Mr. Merrick's skill is to be praised. Better, however, than any specific scene is the manner in which, throughout the story, Mr. Merrick analyses indirectly the "kind" character: for Peggy is kind—kind because it suits her, and avoids trouble, and because, too, of a genuine spring in her nature. Kindness of her sort, though, has little strenuous roots, and is never fed by intelligence or effort, and so perishes, like physical beauty or charm, having no source of spiritual truth to nourish and sustain it.

"The Worldlings" occupies a rather unusual position among Mr. Merrick's books. In some ways it is the least satisfactory of his novels. It deals with a world, that of the country-house and the idle rich, whose society he does not know as he knows the friendly, shiftless, poetic or practical people of Bohemia, Fleet Street and the Green-room. Yet, as Mr. Munro says, there are things for which "The Worldlings" deserves very high praise. The brief but astonishingly effective sketch of the grimy, grasping, cruel life in the diamond-fields is one; and another is the emotional crisis involved when Maurice falls in love with Lady Helen. Indeed the power of the book lies not in Maurice's assumption of a dead man's heritage, but in the agony wrought in an essentially honest nature by its one dishonest deed. There Mr. Merrick's philosophy is as sound and as true as ever. It is not the little or the big lies which matter, it is the lie in the soul—the lying to one self, the continuous acceptance of a course of life which makes even good actions bad, which ultimately makes it impossible to think good thoughts, until the man is purged and cleansed of his original falsehood. In his portrait of Helen, Mr. Merrick has been ambitious and not altogether unsuccessful. He has managed that most difficult of tasks, to show us a woman as she is to herself and in herself, as well as how she appears to the lover who idolises and adores her. Still one puts down "The Worldlings" with the sense that the real story, both of Maurice and Helen, has only begun with the discovery of the truth; that this book is only a prologue to a drama which, if he chose to write it, might prove to be Mr. Merrick's greatest novel.

Mr. Howells claims that "The Actor-Manager" is "in every way the best of Mr. Merrick's stories"; and, so far as achievement goes, many readers will be inclined to agree with him. It is a more contained piece of work than the "Quaint Companions," and has a less whimsical appeal than "Conrad in Quest of his Youth." It is remarkable for its cleverness of character and circumstance, and for its astonishing verisimilitude. The gradual breach between Oliphant and his wife is handled with such sureness and firmness that the reader is only aware afterwards of how definitely Mr. Merrick has controlled his sympathies. Mr. Merrick's almost terrible justice renders his hard women far more difficult to forgive than if he were frankly prejudiced against them. His genuine gift for story-telling and for differentiating character is displayed to anyone who cares to compare Peggy Harper with Blanche Ellerton. No doubt there are as many causes for unhappiness—or happiness—as there are marriages; but too many novelists are content with one formula for the unhappy marriage. Mr. Merrick keeps his problems as distinct as his people, and his handling of the third person—the gullible, enthusiastic Otto Fairbairn—is consummate in its ease and reticence.

Problems are offered in all of Mr. Merrick's books—but the solution springs generally from character rather than from abstract principle. In "The House of Lynch" it is otherwise. I feel right through that Mr. Merrick is more interested in his problem, more anxious that the reader should see his point of view, than that he should understand his hero. The problem is the old one of tainted money. Robert Keith falls in love with Betsy Lynch whose father is an American millionaire; the millions are tainted, blood-stained. As Keith puts it to Mrs. Weldehart, "My objection is not to marrying a girl with money, but to living on atrocious money." He refuses to receive a penny, or to allow his wife to receive a penny of the Lynch millions: and there follows the struggle of Betsy to live as a struggling artist's wife. The problem is full of human interest; but I cannot help thinking Keith would have wavered a little more than he does: or rather Mr. Merrick should have suggested more clearly the possibility of

* "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."—"When Love Flies Out o' the Window."—"The Quaint Companions."—"The Position of Peggy Harper."—"The Man Who Understood Women."—"The Worldlings."—"The Actor-Manager."—"Cynthia."—One Man's View."—"The Man Who Was Good."—"A Chair on the Boulevards."—"The House of Lynch," by Leonard Merrick. Introductions by J. M. Barrie, W. Robertson Nicoll, H. G. Wells, Arthur Pinero, W. J. Locke, Neil Munro, W. D. Howells, M. Hewlett, Granville Barker, L. K. Prothero, A. Neil Lyons and G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

BOOKS AND PELMANISM.

MIND and memory training has many other advantages in addition to the more materialistic ones of increased emoluments and improved positions. These latter come as a natural sequence to those who make themselves "worth more" by mental training, for in such cases, as in others, it is the fittest who survive.

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Keith thinking he is wrong. Not as to the taint in the millions—that is plain enough; but on the larger question as to whether any money is untainted. The weak point, that is, in this admirable novel, is that throughout Mr. Merrick treats as ethical a question which is fundamentally æsthetic, sentimental, emotional. One is always in danger of touching ill-gotten money; but one revolts from it when the ill is glaring. That, as a rule, means when its immediate source is personally tainted. Now Mr. Lynch is not an offensive person, he is pleasant and human and devoted to Betsy, and his humanity should inspire Keith with some tenderness. Keith's position with regard to the Lynch millions is as if a conscientious objector were to refuse to receive a salary from anyone who had invested in any War Loan—a position heroic indeed, but scarcely possible. Still "The House of Lynch," which is the latest, I believe, of Mr. Merrick's novels, is as full of interest and as provocative of thought as any of his books, and Mr. Merrick may say in defence to my criticism that only by Keith's extreme methods could Betsy be saved from her dependence on the monstrous comforts of the terribly wealthy, the evil ease of the habitually luxurious. And the bearing of the story does rest, not in its attack on Lynch, but in the gradual discovery of her soul and of the test of love by Betsy Keith.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE PICTISH NATION.*

A thorny subject has been courageously and vigorously tackled by the minister of Kildonan, in Sutherland. This is a remarkable book, and exception will be taken to some of its pronouncements. One is not surprised that "others who contemplated the task shrank from it" almost as soon as its maze of difficulties had been encountered. Two things have made it possible now—a scholar's enthusiasm, and the ability to rehearse a strangely intricate story with perspicuity. A laborious piece of work has been done with distinction, and on that account Mr. Scott is to be complimented.

Mention of Picts and Scots sends one soaring among the mists of antiquity. Who were the Picts? This is the name first given by Eumenius (about A.D. 296) to the early settlers in Scotland. Tacitus called them Caledonians, but no doubt he was referring to the people who long after his time were spoken of as the Picts. The Picts are supposed to have been a race of Celts hailing from the country of the Pictones in Gaul. The name springs from a Sanskrit root meaning to pick or mark the skin lightly with a sharp instrument like a tattooing needle. "Pick" is a Scots word employed in the same sense. Tacitus describes the Picts as a "noble race of barbarians." Mr. Scott denies the epithet and presents a totally different portraiture. He describes them as a pastoral people, wedded to their flocks, and leading a simple primitive life. They span and they wove: they used the potter's wheel, were acquainted with the working of iron and bronze: were lovers of the chase: adepts in the art of fish-spearing, and they made use of a two-handed cart, a representation of which survives upon one of their incised stones. They built the *brochs* which still dot the mainland and islands of northern Scotland, and around those fastnesses they set their groups of hut-circles and erected their burial-cairns. Above all they gave welcome to the light of religion, and their *dair-teach*, or prayer-house, foreshadowed the village church uprearing its "modest fabric by the lone yew, or lime, or elm-girt mound." With all that the "barbarian" tradition is incompatible, except—and this may have been Tacitus's point—that the Picts entered battle with bodies bared, but emblazoned with the crudest figures, by which no doubt they hoped to terrorise their adversaries, and perhaps also to derive some sort of fetishistic aid.

St. Ninian was the great Apostle of the Pictish people. On the shore of the Solway he built his Candida Casa or White Hut, making it a notable training-centre whence his perfervid missionaries passed to the evangelisation of the whole East of Scotland from Galloway to Shetland. The native Pictish Church founded by Ninian flourished till the end of the ninth century. How perfect it was, ethically and evangelically, in Mr. Scott's view, we gather from his application to it of the term "Apostolic":

> "The Picts believed in the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of men, and strove that personal and communal righteousness should be recognised as necessities of life and progress." . . . "The Pictish Churchmen could claim for their organisation that it adhered not only in form but also in spirit to the Apostolic example." . . . "The Church of the Picts stands in history as a branch of the Church of Christ adhering to the simple life and simple organisation and government of the earliest Apostolic Church." . . . "The motives and aims of the Church of the Picts were Apostolic."

Mr. Scott perhaps is too generous an apologist of the Pictish Church. We must remember the paganism from which it grew, the hard soil, the lack of a preparation period, the frequent thwartings that faced Ninian and his men. On the other hand we have known in our own time a Christianised Nyasa-land where the soil must have been as unpromising as that of Pict-land.

A romantic chapter is devoted to the successors of St. Ninian. But Mr. Scott departs entirely from accepted tradition when he comes to discuss St. Columba's relationship with the Picts. The Founder of Iona is generally credited with the conversion of the Pictish nation, beginning with King Brude whom he is said to have baptised. According to Mr. Scott this is a mere "fable." Brude, Mr. Scott affirms, clung to his heathenism "though he tolerated and could even be kind to the Christians." Mr. Scott apparently accepts the "interpolation" theory with regard to Cumine's and Adamnan's biographies of their great predecessor. "The utmost that Adamnan asks his readers to believe is that the saint 'affrighted Brude greatly,' and the latter conciliated the saint, and treated him 'with very great honour all his remaining days, as was due.'" It is difficult to disentangle this old-world tale of the Christianising of Pictland proper. St. Columba could not have accomplished such a transformation himself, for he was actually an "alien" there—an "enemy" indeed, (as a Gaidheal or Scot), an outlander unfamiliar with its dialect, who could converse with Brude and his court only through an interpreter. The story of Columba's extended missionary tours throughout almost all the north of Scotland is probably apocryphal. This is iconoclasm with a vengeance, but Mr. Scott knows his subject and as an investigator he can be trusted.

It may be, as Mr. Scott thinks, that Venerable Bede is responsible for an error which the history-books have persistently perpetrated. Bede says that "Columba converted the nation of which Brude was the powerful King." Bede's geography, however, was governed by the Ptolemaic conception of ancient Scotland—Ptolemy's North being our West, and his South our East. That is to say, Columba's propaganda was really amongst the Picts of Dalriada—Argyll and the Isles (in the West)—whose inhabitants also acknowledged the paramountcy of Brude. Into Pictland of Alba, or Northern Pictland, St. Columba never ventured on the scale which has been ascribed to him. The Columban mystery is largely the result of a muddling-up of names, and a recognition of that fact seems the true solution. A competent ecclesiologist expiscates for the first time the significance of numerous church-sites within the counties of the Moray Firth area:

> "The very stones of these ancient so-called Columban Church-sites of Pictland cry out the names of their true founders, the Colums, Colmans, and Colmocs with whom the fabulists, for S. Columba's glory, deliberately confused his name."

A transcendent name in the religious evolution of Scotland to be sure, but the glamour which surrounds even St. Columba's name must vanish at the uprising of long-buried truth. Manuscripts perish, but church-sites remain, and "the ordinary folk of a district refuse to withdraw their veneration for the names and sites of the earlier Church." No future historian expatiating on the advancement of

* "The Pictish Nation: Its People and its Church." By Archibald B. Scott, B.D. 25s. net. (Foulis.)

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Novel Notes.

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THE SHINING ROAD. By George A. Chamberlain. 7s. net. (Collins.)

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The Bookman's Table.

THE TOY CART: A Play. By Arthur Symons. 5s. net. (Maunsel.)

Mr. Symons has been thirty years before the public, he has written much, though for a professional author his output cannot be called large. We open each new volume he offers with curiosity and an expectation of pleasure. There is always the same atmosphere, the same outlook on life, the same constant and unvaried search for the picturesque, and yet there is a great variety in the matter. His writing is always graceful, and much practice has given it a sure touch. We feel that Mr. Symons knows just what he can do, and is wise enough and respects himself enough not to attempt to wander in other fields. It is very natural that such a writer, particularly in a time like the present, should turn his eyes towards the glamour of the East. He has always been a lover and a keen student of the drama, and as he is also fond of experiment, he would be pretty certain to write a few plays. It is not often that the critical and dramatic sense go together. "The Toy Cart," however, is genuine drama, and should appeal to a popular as well as a select audience if staged artistically with beautiful dresses and refined acting. Those who care only for musical comedy should pass it by. The characters are clearly enough drawn and the literary style is of such a quality as to place it amongst the closet dramas, which are so marked a feature in the literature of our own country. The play is thoroughly Indian in feeling, and is founded on an Indian story. It is quite simple and straightforward, with no particular subtlety and nothing very new about it; virtue receives its reward, and in its triumph is magnanimous to its fallen foe.

ELIZ'BETH, PHIL AND ME. By Marion St. John Webb. Illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

The irresistible earnestness of normal children over the countless things that make up their life and their interest in life are lightly and deftly and surely indicated in this pretty volume of verses by Mrs. Webb. No great adventures are recounted: none are needed. The whole of life is an adventure in the years below the teens; and few men and women are more critically observant than are small boys and girls of the persons and circumstances that compose their world. Mrs. Webb remembers or imagines well, when in poem after poem she allows Phil and Eliz'beth and Robin to reveal themselves. The three children are distinct and individual, and yet they are any children or all children. Phil, the eldest, is on the brink of being a schoolboy, but he is still one of the trio; he may see through the kindly pretences of "grown-ups," but he has not lived beyond the thrilling joy of make-believe himself. He may not believe in fairies, but he still sees eye to eye with his juniors over commercial rectitude in the sweet-stuff shop:

"Outside Miss Barbet's shop
We always stop,
And look inside to see who's serving there.
And if it is Miss Barbet's May,
We always buy our sweets that day,
Because we get our proper share.
She weighs the sweets out—in a lump.
Miss Barbet's May
Will always say,
'One more for luck!
There you are, my duck!'
And let the scales go down a bump.

"Outside Miss Barbet's shop
We always stop,
And look inside (from where we can't be seen),
And if Miss Barbet's there to stay
We don't go in at all that day,
Because she's really dreadful mean.
The scales don't move, it seems to me,
Before she'll catch
Our sweets, and snatch
Them back once more
Among her store.
It makes you feel quite ill to see."

Eliz'beth also is one of the three, yet distinctly feminine and individual. She "holds together" with the boys, and Phil sometimes criticises her, and Robin sometimes is puzzled by her secrets; but in the last poem, "The Page that Phil and Robin Mustn't Read," she confesses that there are times when she wishes she had a sister

"... who could be
Not quite as old as me,
Though very nearly. And she'd do
Whatever I did; and we two
Would share our games and toys
That wouldn't interest the boys.

"... she'd understand
Just everything I do.
Yet, always, as she grew,
I'd grow just a little taller—
So she'd have to be the smaller,
For then she'd always come to me,
And I'd take care of her, you see."

And Robin is the baby of the trio, with a yearning still to be sung to sleep by his mother, although Phil has declared him to be too old for such things. Mrs. Webb's trio are natural, living children, and each poem holds its own pretty child-thought. Sincere praise must be given, too, to Miss Margaret Tarrant, whose illustrations, graceful in drawing, admirable in composition and delicate in colour, make her a valuable colleague in the production of a charming volume.

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THE BOY WHO DID GROW UP. By Newman Flower. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

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"Oh, you blind leaders who seek to convert the world by laboured disputations! Step out of the way or the world must fling you aside. Give us the young. Give us the young, and we will create a new mind and a new earth in a single generation."

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